# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY MILLAIS.

AND Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was overwise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I can not cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I can not weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
That Jenny had tripp'd in her time: I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, though it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup'd the nightingale.

All of a sudden he stopp'd; there pass'd by the gate of the farm,
Willy—he didn't see me—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You can not love me at all, if you love not my good name."

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine:
"Sweet-heart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still."

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turn'd and clasp'd me in his arms, and answer'd, "No, love, no;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I can not weep, I shall see him another morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way.
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

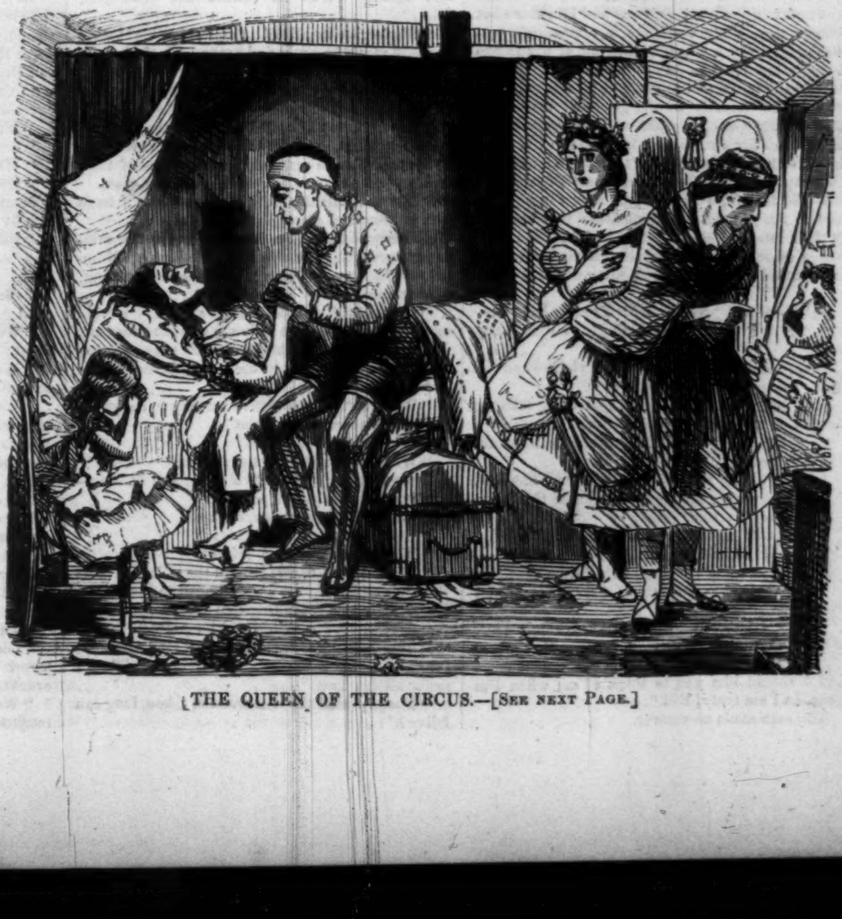
But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie plowing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team:
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.



THE QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the Message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of Peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vex'd?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have pass'd away.
But stay with the old woman now: you can not have long to stay.

## THE QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS.

IT was a strange scene. The wagon was close to the circus—formed, indeed, part of it—the poor woman was lying on the low shelf, called the bed, of the traveling caravan; two or three of the wives of the men attached to the exhibition were round her, endeavoring by their exertions to relieve momentarily increasing pain, and helping her to bear it patiently by their sympathy.

"He ought to have been here half an hour ago," said one of the women. "Jim started for him on the piebald two hours since."

"Did he take the piebald?" said another. "Why, I thought he was in the *Italian Lovers?*"

"No, he wouldn't run with the spotted mare, so they've put the blind gray with her, and took the piebald in the quadrille for Dick Gravel to take bottom couple with."

The explanation seemed satisfactory, for silence ensued.

Presently a roar of such laughter as is only heard in a circus at a country village—fresh, genuine, hearty—shook the sides of the frail vehicle.

"What's that?" said the apparently dying woman.

"Only your Bill's Quaker story," said one.

"Oh, then he'll soon be here, won't he?" said she.

"Yes, he's only got three more points, and then he'll come; he don't go in in the Sylph scene."

Three fainter peals of laughter told that the three points had *hit*, but not as well as the Quaker story; and then he came in.

"Well," said he, "how is she now?" in a voice whose anxiety contrasted most strangely with his tawdry dress, that of tumbling clown at a traveling circus. "How is she now?"

"I'm better, Bill," said the woman. "Can you stop a little?"

"Yes; I don't go in next, it's Chapman's turn;" and so saying, the man seated himself by the side of the woman.

She was still young, and, as far as the dim light hung from the roof would enable a judgment to be formed, good-looking; the cork-grimed eyebrows, cracked lips, and dry cheeks, told that she too had appeared before the public for its amusement; indeed the traces of rouge were still on parts of the face, and told too truly that she had lain there but a short time—only since the last evening's performance: indeed, whe , during one of her jumps through the hoop, a man's putting on his hat startled the horse, and so caused a false step, which brought her heavily to the ground. The experienced ring-master saw she could scarcely stand, and handed her out, kissing her hand in the usual style; and few, if any, of the spectators knew that when rapturously applauding the most unparalleled feat—the feat from the horse's back through the hoop to the ground—their applause was unheard by their intended object. She had fainted immediately on reaching the dressing-room, and was at once carried to the moving chamber where she now lay.

But to return. She took his hand in hers, saying: "Bill, I don't think I shall go round any more."

"Don't say so, lass; it'll be all right when the doctor comes."

"No, Bill; I feel better, but something tells me I've put on the togs for the last time."

"No, lass, no!" was all the utterance he could find. "Don't say so!"

After a pause, she said: "Bill, you recollect that London chap with the French name that came down to the Doncaster races?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said the man, half angrily, as if wishing to avoid the subject.

"Well, you know you said that time that you thought there was something between me and him."

"Well, I know it," said the man, "but don't think of that now; don't trouble about that now."

"But I must, Bill. I think I'm dying, Bill, dear, and I should like you to think of me when I'm gone, as I am truly, Bill."

The man made no answer.

"Bill," said the woman, with increasing vehemence of manner, "do you believe I'd tell you a lie now?"

No answer still.

"Bill! *Do* you think I'd tell you a lie *now?*" said she, as though her life depended on his answer.

"No, no, lass," said he at last, "I don't think you'd tell a lie any time—but now—" and he hesitated.

"Where's Jenny?" interrupted the woman.

"Here," said one of the youngest women, standing up, so that she might be seen. "What do you want?"

"Jenny, you'll find the key of the green trunk in the china mug with 'Nelly' on it. I wish you'd look in the box, and get me my old Bible out."

The girl found the key, and asked where the box was?

"Oh dear, I forgot, it's under me," said the woman.

"There, never mind," said he, "I don't want any fuss about it."

"Oh, Bill, dear, I wish you'd lift me up a little, and pull it out. You can put the broken chair under to keep me up then."

"No, never mind," said he, "it'll pain you so."

"Oh, Bill, dear, I don't mind, I wish you would."

He did it at last; and, after some trouble, and a few suppressed groans, the box was pulled out to the middle of the floor, opened, and there, wrapped up in paper and neatly hid, was the Bible; the paper greasy, from contact with disused headdresses, garlands, bands, and other small accessories of the dress of the Queen of the Circus. They gave it to the woman, who soon asked, "Where's Mary?"

"Oh, she is here now," said one of the women; and a girl about five came running in: she had only been performing the part of a little fairy in the just-finished scene; her wand was still in her hand, and the gauze wings on her shoulders; she took them off, laid down the silvered stick, and came to the bed.

"Mary, dear, are you there?"

"Yes, mother, I'm just done, and the people clapped so when Julia took me on her shoulder."

"Put her on the box, she can't see her," suggested some one: it was pushed to where the child stood, and then the mother said:

"Mary, I'm going away."

"Oh, mother, where to?"

"But before I go, I want you to see me and father friends again." The child stared with wonder; but the woman, not heeding her, continued: "Bill, dear, have you got the paper off the Bible? Well, open it at the New Testament."

"Here one of you women find it. Jenny, will you?" said the man.

Jenny did it, and gave it back.

"Now, Bill, raise me up a little."

"Oh, never mind," said he, "I know you'll get hurt."

She only looked a repetition of her request; and then taking the open book from his hands, said: "Bill, dear, you know you said there was something wrong between that London chap and me. I told you at the time there was not, and you didn't believe me, though you didn't say so; and you don't believe it now," she said, with increased energy. "Now, Bill, hear me swear that, as I believe I'm a dying woman, there was nothing between us, and this child's your own, as much as Mary, there, is." She kissed the book, and said: "Do you believe me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the man, "I do, I do!" as though some spell over him had broken. "I do, Nell, I do! Oh, Nell, what a fool I've been, and what a coward not to believe it before! Oh, Nell! forgive me, forgive me, I've done you wrong!"

The woman raised herself by a great effort, to reach his hand, and kissing it said: "I do, Bill. I knew you'd do me justice some day."

"Oh, Nell, it's not too late—not too late! You'll get better, and we'll be as happy as we were before this."

The woman only drew his head to her, and kissed him; while he, roused, kissed her again and again. "You do believe me, don't you, dear?"

"Oh, forgive me, Nell! Oh, forgive me!" were the only words he could find in the rush of his newly-found trust.

"Bill's wanted!" shouted some one at the door. "Old Whip's called you three times."

"Here's the white, Bill," said Jenny, "you want touching;" and she brought it and stood with the lamp while he painted out the traces of tears on his cheeks in front of a broken looking-glass.

"The red will do, Bill; go on, or you'll have him in here, and *she* won't like that."

Bill went out, and the doctor arrived a few minutes afterward. He was a short, stout, good-humored looking man, with a brisk way of speaking, that at once secured him obedience.

"Now, then," said he, "what's amiss? I could make nothing of that fellow you sent after me. Ah!" said he, altering his tone as his eyes, growing used to the light, took in the woman's face on the bed.

"What do they call you?" turning to the youngest of the assembled women.

"Jenny, Sir."

"Will you stop? All the rest go."

The women grumblingly obeyed, and he stooped down to examine his patient.

"When did this happen, Jenny?"

"Last night, Sir."

"Why didn't you send before?"

"We did send to one here in the village, but he wouldn't come because she belonged to the circus. He sent her this," handing him a paper.

"Umph! 'The World and its Amusements on the Broad Way.' Just like that sanctimonious Jennings. Sends the woman a tract, and lets her suffer all day long."

"Doctor," said the sick woman, "how long can I live?"

"Live, woman! why, you're good for another forty years yet."

"No, doctor, I'm not—I feel I'm not long for this world."

"Oh! all nonsense!" said he, "you'll soon get over this." And with like comforting assurances he sought to raise her from her depressed condition. In about ten minutes he went to the door and said, "Come in here, one of you, while I go to the gig." He soon came back, and the woman remained with him.

In a little while the Clown came up to the group of women outside the door, and leaning in all attitudes against the sides and steps of the wagon.

"Well, has he come?"

"Yes, he has been in this quarter of an hour."

"What does he say?"

"'Oh! she'll do,' he says, didn't he?" said one of them, turning to another for confirmation.

He soon left, and his voice was heard shouting some old witticism of the ring, as though there were no such things as sick wives and doctors in the world. In a few minutes more he came again, quite out of breath, from a last somersault, the approbation of which was still heard. Seeing the door partially open he entered, and his face looked joyous as the wail of a child greeted him.

"Which is it? A boy?"

"Yes," said Jenny.

The answer was unheard by him, for there—stretched out in death—lay the mother. Contrary to the doctor's expectation, the accident and premature delivery had caused her death.

Yes! There she lay; the hollow, sunken eyes—made unnaturally bright by the traces of rouge upon her cheeks—the jaw fallen. Death was evidently there, and he saw it. She with whom he had hoped to share all the cares and joys of life; now that the only difference they had ever had was removed. She was dead! The man seemed stunned. A strange pair they looked—he, in the motley and paint of his calling—she, dead!

"Bear up, Bill," said Jenny, approaching him with the child: "it's a *boy*, Bill; and she wanted it to be called after you."

The man seemed not to hear, but walking up to the bed, and taking one of the dead hands in his, kissed it gently, as though afraid of waking her; and then, as though his loss had just been realized, muttered, "Dead! dead!" and lay down, his face close to hers, kissing the fast cooling lips with frantic earnestness.

"Dead—dead—dead!" still came between his choking sobs. To him the women, moving to and fro in offices about the child, were not: to him, useless was the doctor's farewell. "Dead—dead—dead!" and the heaving chest and bursting eyeballs found relief in tears.

"There, don't take on so, Bill!" said one, trying to raise him; "don't take on so hard, Bill!"

She might as well have spoken to the box on which he half-sat, half-leaned, as he hung over his dead wife. They then tried to get to close the staring eyes, but a look which appalled them shook their nerves too much to allow of a second trial. A noise outside now attracted them to the door.

"What's the matter now?"

"Matter enough!" said a harsh, grating voice. "Here's Chapman so drunk he can't go in, and Bill's skulking because his wife's sick. There never was a fellow in the ring worse treated than I am."

"She is dead, Whips," said one, pointing with her thumb back to the wagon.

"Dead!" said he.

"Yes; and he's there too."

"Well, if that ain't too bad," said he; "here's the last scene before the quadrille, and no clown—it'll ruin the circus. The *second* night, too; her last night's jump has filled the place—there ain't standing room—and they've been calling for her all the evening. Dead!" said he, again, as though his loss were caused by her neglect. "Who'd have thought it? What's to be done?"

"Can't you make Chapman do?"

"No, he's a fool any time to Bill, and now he's drunk he's no use at all. What's to be done? I don't know."

Here he was obliged to leave, for the uproar in the circus was deafening. "Clown! Clown!" was the only cry they would make. In vain did Whips drive the horses faster and faster, till the "Corsican Brothers" were nearly in a horizontal position with their speed; nothing would appease the now excited people.

Whips came out again. "Where's Bill?" said he.

"Here, Bill," said Jenny, "Whips wants you."

"Who wants me?" said the man.

"Here, Bill, I do," said the voice at the door.

Jenny gave the child to one of the women, took him by the arm, and led him to the door.

"Bill," said Whips, "here's Chapman as drunk as a beast, and the people crying out for you like mad. *Can't* you go?"

"Go!" said he, pointing to the body. "How *can* I go? No, I *can't* go."

"Well, Bill, you *must*. It's only the second night; here's the queen away, and no clown."

"Well, there's only the Indian Warrior to go in," said Bill.

"Well, I know that; but what's the good of him without somebody to give him his things? What's the good of my giving him his club and bow, or the paddle either? No, Bill, you must go: it won't do to send in any one else now; they'd pull the place down."

Here another and louder cry reached them.

"There now," said Whips, "that's it; there's the 'Corsican Brothers' has been agoing round this quarter of an hour, till they're sick of it, and the gray'll be so lame to-morrow she won't stir a peg. It's no use, Bill; you must go."

"I can't, Whips; it'll be no use if I do."

"Oh yes, you will; you *must* go, or I'll have to throw up the agreement, and you know you've overdrawed your money this last two weeks."

"Well, I know it," said the man, evidently irresolute now at this threat.

"Well, then, go in if it's only five minutes. Here, take a drink of this, it will give you heart."

The man took the proffered flask, and drank deeply.

"Well," said Whips, "you'll go, Bill, won't you?"

"Oh yes, I'll go," said the man, "go on."

They left the wagon, and the repeated rounds of applause showed that the public was satisfied. The clown was never more witty, never more agile. Somersault after somersault, leap after leap was taken with a recklessness that nothing could equal; again and again the encores of the élite, and the bravos of the vulgar, spurred his exertions. At last it ended, and the quadrille came on. The clown left the ring, with the plaudits ringing in his ears, and came to the wagon to find—Alas! What?

At the conclusion of the quadrille those in the wagon heard a cry.

"What is it?" said the man, now in his old position, close to the body, with her hand locked in his, and his eyes fixed on her face. "What's that?"

"They're calling for *her*," said Jenny, pointing to the form in the bed.

There was a lull, and then a long thunder of clapping hands and stamping feet, rose and died away.

"What's that last?" asked the woman, holding the child, of a person entering.

"Oh! they called for the queen, and old Whips made a speech, and said she was rather unwell, and could not appear, but would most likely be better to-morrow, when she would again perform her celebrated feat of leaping through the hoop to the ground."

"Well, my dears," said the Doctor, at the supper-table to his children, "How did you like it?"

"Oh! we didn't see the queen, father."

"No?"

"No, not at all; the man in the ring said she was not well, but would be there to-morrow, and the clown was so good, father, in the scene with the savage."

"Was he, my dear. Do you know why you didn't see the queen?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. Because she was *dead*. That clown was her husband; I left him kissing her dead lips, and I dare say he is there now. It's a strange world this! Such a sight as that I never saw before, and hope never to see again."


**Summer Resorts.**

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.



# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.


## PEACE IN EUROPE.

EIGHTY days since war broke out between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria; peace is now made. The two Emperors had a chat at nine in the morning on the 11th, in a little cottage at Villafranca, and the result of that chat was an end to the war and a reorganization of Italy. How can we speculate on an event so unexpected, so startling, so utterly at variance with all established precedent and rule?

When the last number of this journal went to press we expected hourly to hear of a new battle on the line of the Adige. It was known that the French were within the historic quadrangle; that the Austrians were demoralized and their spirit broken; that the French, though weakened by a series of bloody conflicts, were flushed with victory, and strong in the consciousness of power; that one more defeat would end the war, and render the entire liberation of Italy from foreign rule a mere question of weeks. Revolting as the slaughter of thousands of human beings is to every one, it must be confessed that people at large rather desired to hear of the expected battle which was to settle the Italian question forever, and to put an end to the outrageous career of Austrian tyranny. Instead of the battle we had an armistice, and on the heels of the armistice a peace.

Well, we must wait for details before expressing an opinion. It is neither safe to denounce Napoleon for betraying Italy, as the liberal organs in England have done; nor prudent to deify him as the type of moderation blended with force, as some of his own organs delight to do. Every thing depends on the details of the arrangement he has made with Austria.

It is possible to conceive an Italian Confederation framed on the model of the Confederation of Germany, and calculated to yield very satisfactory results. In a former article we pointed out some of the difficulties in the way of the political reorganization of Italy. There was the Pope, in the first place, whose temporal power is a monstrous anomaly, and a crying shame—admitted to be such as freely by Catholic as by Protestant Powers. Then there were the rivalries between the various States into which Italy is divided; rivalries so bitter that Venice, in 1848, preferred to be subject to Austria rather than become an integral part of the

free dominion of the King of Sardinia; so universal that not even Parma or Lucca would exchange independent slavery for associated freedom. Then the varieties of government prevailing in Italy opposed very formidable barriers to a general fusion: Tuscany was semi-constitutional, Naples was a despotic monarchy, Lombardy and Venetia were a proconsulate, Piedmont a limited monarchy, the Papal States an absolute hierarchy, San Marino a democratic republic, etc., etc.; how were all these various elements to be fused into a homogeneous whole? It is evident, at a glance, that the only plan upon which these various States could be formed into a nation was by means of a Confederacy which, like our own, should leave to each State the control of its local affairs, and merely intrust the associate body with the administration of foreign affairs, and such other specific concerns as pertain to the quality of a nation.

Thus far, therefore, there is no room for complaining of what Napoleon has done. But it remains to be seen whether this confederacy of his has been organized on a stable basis, and whether the evils which rendered the war necessary have in reality been cured.

The first question is, Have the Austrians been driven out of Italy? The answer to this is by no means certain. It is true that the Emperor of Austria still remains King of Venetia. If, in his quality of King, he is entitled to use his Austrian armies for the intimidation of the Italian confederacy, or for the invasion of adjacent Italian States, then the work undertaken by Napoleon has not been performed, and a new war will at some time or other become necessary. If, on the contrary, Venetia has been severed from the Austrian empire, and precautions have been taken against the improper use of Austrian soldiers therein; if, in a word, the Francis-Joseph who is King of Venetia is clearly disconnected from the Francis-Joseph who is Emperor of Austria, then the mere admission of an Austrian member to the Italian Confederacy does not seem to be essentially dangerous.

In like manner, if the Pope has been appointed President of the Italian Confederacy, without prejudice to his existing administration in the Papal States, and if, under the new régime the disgraceful mismanagement of the Cardinals is to continue, then the Italian knot remains to be unraveled, and the last attempt to untie it will be worse than the first. But if, on the other hand, the elevation of Pius IX. to the honorary Presidency of the Confederacy is merely an empty honor granted him in lieu of the substantial authority he now wields over the Papal States, then the work is well done, and it may work well. If, instead of the corrupt, inefficient, and brutal misgovernment of the Cardinals, a sound civil administration be established on the basis of the Napoleonic system, it can not be doubted but Italy will be a gainer by the change.

Every thing depends on the details; until we know them, no judgment that is worth listening to can be pronounced on the new *coup d'état*. In a few days we shall have them, and shall then know whether Napoleon is a mean, selfish traitor, or the greatest statesman of modern times.

# THE LOUNGER.

### THE PEACE.—A COLLOQUY.

CHANG. "Nobody has a right to be disappointed by Louis Napoleon's peace."

ENG. "I don't agree with you at all. You remember he said—"

CHANG. "Oh, yes; I remember a great many things he said, which you have perhaps forgotten. On the 27th September, 1848, he took his seat in the French Assembly, and said, 'I advocate democratic institutions.' A few months later he was a candidate for the Presidency, and he said, 'I am not an ambitious man who dreams of the empire and war.' . . . . . 'If I am named President my honor is pledged that, at the end of four years, I leave it to my successor with its power strengthened and with liberty intact.' When he was elected President he took the oath, and said, 'I swear to remain faithful to the democratic Republic one and indivisible;' and in his speech he said, 'My desire is to re-establish unity and to maintain our democratic institutions.' Three years later he said, 'The Assembly is conspiring against the President. My mission is to save society.' He went to the Tuileries, he swept the streets with grape, he exiled the most illustrious citizens and soldiers, he silenced others, he muzzled the press, he instituted the most secret and the strongest police. He has been absolute Emperor for seven years, and not one great civilian has been developed by his reign. His Senate is as servile as that of the Roman Cæsars. Will you tell me why you regard what he says? If you have read 'Pelham,' you remember Mr. Jenkinson, a very serious-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who wore green spectacles. Those green spectacles were morality itself. Only Mr. Jenkinson was a horse-jockey, and cheated dreadfully. Whenever Louis Napoleon *says* any thing in a fine proclamation, be sure he is only putting on his green spectacles, and look out for your pockets. I repeat, nobody has a right to be disappointed by his peace. He went to Italy to help himself, not to help the Italians; and he must be the judge when he has succeeded."

ENG. "Didn't he say that he was going to free Italy?"

CHANG. "No. It is no matter if he had; but this is what he did say on the 2d of May, upon leaving Paris: 'The object of this war, then, is to restore Italy to herself; *not to impose upon her a change of masters;*' . . . . 'or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced upon his throne.' Of course that last is what is irreverently called 'gag,' but it is all gagging. On the 12th of May, in Genoa, he said to his army, 'We are about to second the struggles of a people now vindicating their independence, and to rescue them from foreign oppression.' On the 8th of June, in Milan, he said to the Italians, 'I come not here with a prearranged plan to dispossess sovereigns, or to impose on you my will. My army will' . . . 'fight your enemies and keep internal order. No obstacle shall be raised to the free manifestation of your legitimate wishes.'"

ENG. "But that all means Italian liberty."

CHANG. "Louis Napoleon means to have the credit of that meaning. But without saying that under cover of his own words he might retire at any moment, when he had gained his own ends, what are the facts? If he *did* mean to restore Italy to herself, how has he left her? A Bourbon in Naples. The Pope in Rome. An Austrian Archduke in Venice. A ditto ditto in Tuscany? A ditto ditto in Modena. The citadel of Northern Italy in the hands of the Austrians; and, on the other hand, against all this Austria, Sardinia and the plains of Lombardy. 'No obstacle,' *says* the Emperor, 'shall be raised to the free manifestation of your legitimate wishes.' At Perugia, for instance? Does Venice want an Austrian Archduke? Does Tuscany? Does Modena? Do the wretched Roman States want Antonelli with his papal nose of wax? Does Italian liberty consist of a confederation of Austrian Archdukes presided over by the Pope of Rome?"

ENG. "But, surely, you do not expect the course of history to be turned in a day. You do not suppose that in two months Austria could be destroyed, Italy restored to a place among sovereign powers, and all this without a movement on the part of Europe?"

CHANG. "Certainly not because Louis Napoleon said so, or seemed to say so. But I thought, and think, that Italian freedom is his interest. He says on the 12th July to the army at Valeggio: 'Italy, henceforth mistress of her destinies.' That would seem to imply that the object of the war is accomplished. But in the next paragraph he says, we 'have only stopped because the contest was about to assume proportions no longer in keeping with the interests that France had in this formidable war.' Except for that, then, he would have gone on. But Italy is already 'Mistress of her destinies.' What, then, would he have done, further?"

ENG. "What *has* he done?"

CHANG. "He has given himself the right to interfere in Italy, in company with Austria, to suppress any popular movement; and by giving Lombardy to Sardinia, without an appeal to the people of Lombardy, he has given himself the right to dictate to Sardinia. He is by far the ablest monarch in the world. He outwits diplomatists by his pen; and he conquers generals by his sword. He has made himself master of Italy. He has played a splendid game, and won every thing but honor."

ENG. "There seems to be but one side to this conversation."

CHANG. "My dear Eng, there is only one side to the subject."

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE details of Mr. Raymond's letters from the seat of war irresistibly suggest the question, how long wars would continue if every army were obliged to remain after a battle until it had buried all its dead and cared for its wounded?

The brilliant parade, the music, the banners, the glitter, the dream of glory, the excitement of adventure, the charm of novelty, all these make the departure of an army so splendid that the thought of disaster, of pain, of gory death, floats only dimly in the imagination—a film in the summer sky.

So in battle itself, the wild alarm, the doubt, the instant exposure, the play of sanguinary savage passions—all these conceal the real suffering.

But when the bright cloud has rolled on, when gay generals and triumphant troops flushed with excitement march rapidly away to new fields, those who have fallen are forgotten. It is the policy of war to remove every victim as fast as possible, so that the soldier really does not understand to what he is exposed. Could the allied army have remained bivouacked upon the field—could each soldier have seen the horrible mass of suffering among the thousands of his wounded fellows, the word glory would have become gore in his mouth—he would have marched up to Verona with a drooping heart and a lingering step.

It is fortunate for great generals fighting for glory that they leave their battle-fields behind them.

### A SHORT SERMON.

MR. BUCKLE insists that the laws of average will vindicate themselves; that a certain number of people will leap from the monument, a certain number drown themselves, and a certain number shoot somebody else. And certainly the crimes continue, although when we read of a great outrage, as of a fearful railroad catastrophe, we hope that somehow this is the last. But at the end of every year the inexorable philosopher collects his instances, files them away, and after twenty years shows us the old average.

This is what Mr. Starr King in one of his brilliant lectures calls the "Laws of Disorder," and is one of the most striking and solemn of the reflections that wait upon the daily course of life. The sudden gust of passion, the crime that springs from a frenzied whim, they are all regulated by a law as fixed as that of gravity. It is a startling illustration of the ubiquity of perfect order. It is the other side of the beautiful illustration of Christ that not one sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father.

But it does not follow that because nothing happens except in obedience to law, that therefore every man is to be equally honored as the executor of the divine will. We can not sound the infinite mystery of divine universal law, but we know something of our own consciousness. A man commits a crime. Thereupon somebody quotes Pope: "Whatever is, is right." This crime, then, was right, and the doer was the servant of the divine will and permission. Or to put the position in another way: Nothing can be done without the divine permission. A crime is committed. But how do you punish the criminal who is merely an agent?

Many a man is confused by this sophistry. Many of the blackest and most fiendish of human acts are sought to be legitimated upon this ground that they are within God's providence. But the instinct of horror and moral condemnation of crime is just as profound as the conviction of the divine supremacy. If it be a law of God that a man shall commit a crime, it is equally a law that his offense shall be detested and punished. If a burglar obeys a law in breaking into my house, I obey an equally imperative one in protecting my family and property.

The reconciliation of these apparently diametrically opposite laws is beyond our sight and knowledge. The faith which assures of God assures us also of the divine consistency of his government, whether we understand it or not.

The moral is, that whenever a man says that God has permitted a crime, he may be answered by saying that he also calls us to condemn the crime and punish the criminal.

### THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

IN the year 1608 a few English farmers with their families left their old home at Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, left the pleasant shores of the Trent, the romantic traditions of Sherwood forest, the soft horizon of familiar uplands, blooming hedge-rows of hawthorn and privet, the lovely English landscape and the dear English land, and went through dangers and difficulties to Amsterdam.

A few months later they removed to Leyden. There for a dozen years they lived, never more than three hundred men and women, honest, patient, sober, industrious, poor, and forgotten. They were only a handful of English farmers who loved an idea more than native land, more than all sweet associations of home and kindred, more than life itself.

But they were English still, and loved England. Was there no way in which they could serve their idea and still serve England? At least they could try. After much prayer and counsel and meditation, after many arrangements and doubts and fears, a few of the farmers and their descendants left "that goodly and pleasant city," they left the clean, wide streets of thrifty Leyden, the quiet canals, the friendly wind-mills which the children knew, the venerable shade of the old University, and came to Delft Haven, fourteen miles away, upon the River Meuse. There they knelt upon the shore, and wept and prayed. There they sang hymns, and listened to their pastor, who told them that he was "very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of His Holy Word; and that it was "not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick Anti-christian darkness, and that full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once;" and so with the solemn music ringing in their ears, and the wise words of their teacher thrilling their hearts, on the 22d of July, 1620—which, with the difference of styles, is about 239 years ago on the 1st August of this year—they sailed in the little *Speedwell*, of sixty tons burden. For they knew, says their old historian, that "they were pilgrims," . . . . "and looked not much on those things, and lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

The *Speedwell* was leaky, and was left behind, while in the *Mayflower* the resolute emigrants sailed, and landed on the coast of Massachusetts, going permanently ashore at Plymouth.

Their descendants meet this week to lay the corner-stone of a monument to commemorate the beginning of their history and the brave lives of their forefathers. And, indeed, without a monument they are not likely to forget them. The sons of the Pilgrims are fond of reminding the rest of the world of the fact. Is it any wonder? Was there ever a colony planted upon a foreign shore under circumstances so sublime? No Greek or Roman, no French or English settlement had a higher object than conquest, discovery, greater facility of trade, or individual ease. In this case, for trade, the pilgrims hoped to make a living; for ease, they embraced discomfort and death; for conquest, a handful encountered a savage race; for discovery, the land was already known.

They do well to build a monument. They do well to meet, year by year, and repeat that stern old story. They do well in every way to commemorate the settlement of their country. And yet how justly may it not be said to every son and daughter of the Pilgrims in New England, as to Michael Angelo in St. Peter's, as to Wren in St. Paul's, "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!"

### THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—TARBOX, Norwich, quotes an expression—"The woman *whom* he knew loved another," etc. The Lounger has the best authority for saying to Tarbox that the author of the story in which the inaccuracy occurs has as vivid a sense of its impropriety as any one can have; and that it was his fault that it was not corrected in the proof.

—CREOLE, New Orleans, wishes to know from what source the phrase is derived which occurs in the burial service of the Episcopal Church, "In the midst of life we are in death."

—NOT POSTED incloses an advertisement of Barnum's Museum, in which the astounding announcement is made to which his note alludes:

"As you have canvassed that interesting question of Hydrostatics, 'What is an Aquaria?' and have asked with blushing wonder 'What *are* Grammar?' please to suggest by what 'lusus' of parturition 'The smaller serpent has just laid *his* Eggs in the cage, and the larger one is now nursing *her* baby anaconda.'"

—M. A. H., Livingston, Sumter County, Alabama. The lines upon "A Portrait," "composed at the age of fifteen years," and which "the partiality of friends" think worthy of publication, are such lines as all young ladies write. They are like millions of others, expressing a genuine feeling in the writer, but not in a way to interest others.

## THE NEW GOLD DISCOVERIES ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

BY F. M. OTIS, M.D.,

SURGEON OF THE STEAMSHIP "MOSES TAYLOR."

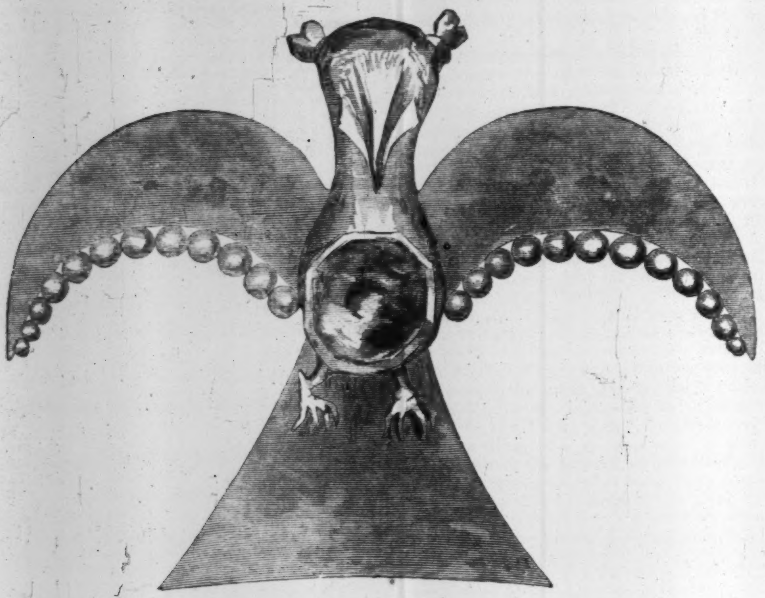
TRULY this period in which we live may be counted the Age of Gold. The time seems to have arrived when the riches of all the earth are to be disclosed and yielded up. Turn where we will the golden mountain woos us to delve into its pregnant bowels, or the golden river to wash out its yellow sands.

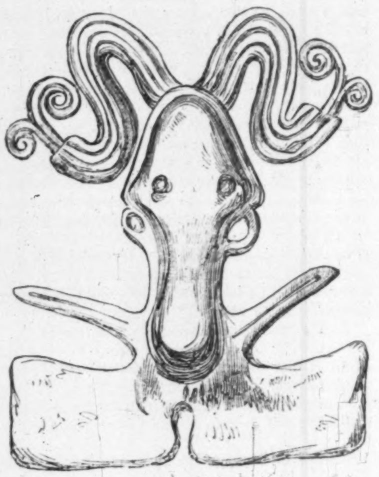
The last, though perhaps not the least interesting, of the great gold discoveries of this gold-discovering age, has just occurred on the Isthmus of Panama. On a day in the latter part of June last a native of Bugalita—a small town in the district of Boqueron, in the province of Chiriqui (New Granada)—while wandering through the forest in the vicinity of his cabin, encountered a tree which had been prostrated by a recent tempest, and underneath its upturned roots he espied a small earthen jar. Upon examination this proved to contain, wrapped in swathing of half-decayed cloth, divers images of curious and fantastic shape, and of so yellow and shining a metal that he at once suspected them to be *gold*. Knowing himself to be in the midst of an ancient Indian "Huaca," or burial-ground, he immediately commenced an exploration of the little burial mounds which were on every side, very shrewdly suspecting that they also might contain treasures of a like character. The result was, that in a very short time (three or four days) he succeeded in exhuming no less than *seventy-five pounds' weight* of these images.* Not exactly confident, however, of the quality and value of the metal, he disclosed to his neighbors his discovery; and in less than a fortnight over a thousand people were at work, having dug up "more than nine arrobas" (225 pounds' weight) of images, most of which proved to be of the finest gold. This is the substance of the information, in regard to the discovery of these ancient relics, brought to the City of Panama by two natives of Bugalita, who substantiated their statements by bringing also with them, in their canoe, seventy-five pounds' weight of golden images for sale. They also reported that there had been so great excitement among the inhabitants for many miles around the huacas, that towns and flourishing estates were wholly deserted; and that, in consequence of so great and unexpected an influx into that region, there had already come to be a great dearth of provisions, and that considerable suffering had been the consequence.

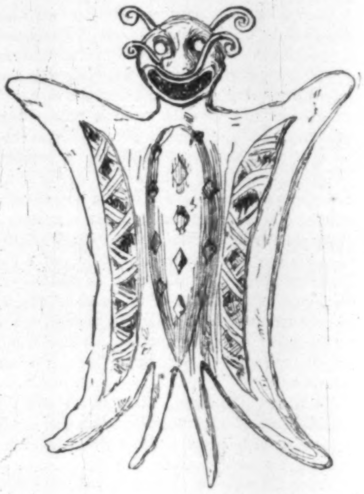
The reports of the natives were confirmed by many letters received by parties in Panama from the City of David, the capital of the province of Chiriqui, which is distant about thirty miles from Bugalita, and two leagues distant from the Pacific Ocean. Among these was one to the Governor of Panama from the Governor of Chiriqui, in which he stated that considerably more than $100,000 worth of images had been taken up; that over four thousand graves had been rifled; and that as there were innumerable graves in the vicinity still untouched, there was little doubt but that immense wealth would be eventually realized therefrom. That portion of the treasure which had been received at Panama consisted of small images of gold, which had evidently first been cast in clay moulds, and afterward hammered to the requisite degree of smoothness. The workmanship of many exhibited no little mechanical ingenuity and skill. Quite a large proportion were of virgin gold, while others varied in purity from fifteen to twenty carats fine, owing undoubtedly to the artificers being ignorant of the art of separating the baser metals from the gold in its native state. The most frequent alloy was of copper. In size these images varied from three pennyweights to six ounces—representing wild beasts, birds, fish, reptiles, and semi-human monsters hideous to the last degree; in very many, if not all the graves were found three plates of gold, from three to twelve inches in diameter, each pierced near the centre by two holes. The accompanying sketches were drawn with care from the originals in the possession of Messrs. ——, of the French bazar in the city of Panama, who courteously offered every convenience and facility for their execution. But little reliable information could be gathered as to the condition in which the graves and their contents were found, except that on the left hand side of every grave, looking toward the East, were the jars containing one or more golden images. It is reserved for some intelligent visitor to that interesting region to observe and communicate to the scientific world any data which may tend to throw light upon the probable antiquity of these sepulchral remains. That they date back to a very early period there seems but little doubt, not only from the fact that the present Indian tribes of Central America have no knowledge of these huacas which abound throughout the whole country, nor of the art of making the images which are found therein, but in the "History of New Granada," by Colonel Joa-

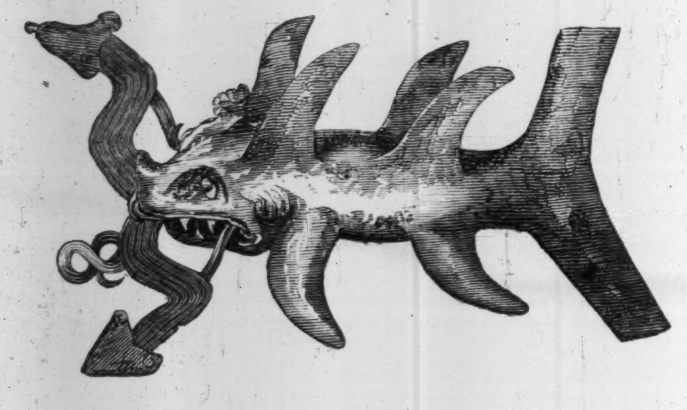
* A large number of these images are on exhibition at Messrs. Ball, Black, & Co.'s, corner Broadway and Murray Street.

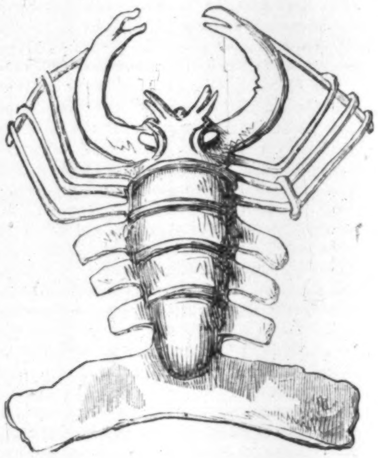
## GOLDEN IMAGES FOUND IN INDIAN GRAVES IN THE PROVINCE OF CHIRIQUI, NEW GRANADA.

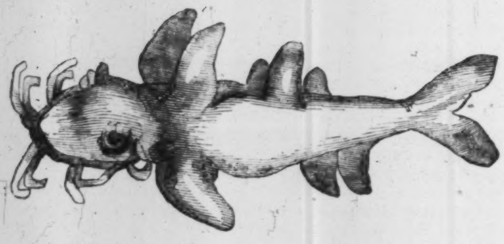


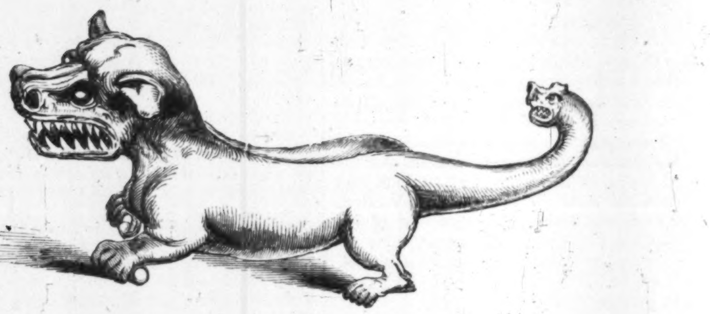


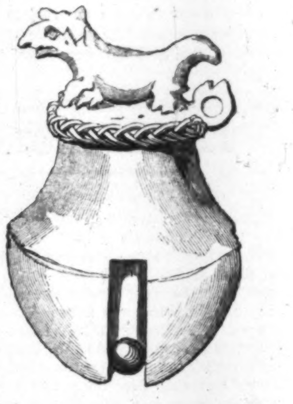












chim Acosta, mention is made of a discovery by the Spaniards as far back as the fifteenth century of similar treasures at Zenu, in the Province of Antiochia, New Granada. After speaking of the discovery of the riches in the Indian burial-grounds at Zenu, the historian proceeds with the following description: "The cemetery of Zenu was composed of an indefinite number of mounds of earth, some of a conical form and others more or less square. When an Indian died it was the custom to dig a hole capable of containing his arms and jewels, *which were placed on the left hand side of his grave, looking toward the east*, and around these were placed earthen vases containing *chichi* and other fermented drinks; also Indian corn and stones to pound the same; also his wives and slaves (if he was a principal man), which last thoroughly intoxicated themselves previously to their interment; and then the whole was covered over with a species of red earth brought from a distance. Then the mourning commenced, which lasted as long as there remained any thing to drink, and in the mean while the mourners continued to throw earth upon the grave; thus it was elevated according to the ability of the individual or family to provide a greater or less quantity of liquor. . . . Jewels of gold in large or small quantities were found in all the tombs. In some were golden figures representing every class of animals from *man* to the *ant*, and sometimes in amount to the value of ten, twenty, and even thirty thousand dollars." It appears not improbable from the above extract that the mode of Indian burial at the time of the Conquest was almost if not quite identical with that of those recently discovered; so that these relics may not date more than four or five hundred years anterior to the present day. In appearance, however, they are sufficiently antique to have been the handiwork of old Tubal Cain himself. The immense quantity of golden ornaments in the possession of the people whose sepulchres are now being so unceremoniously ransacked would lead us to believe in the existence of rich mines of the precious metal in this vicinity. It is said that the Spaniards formerly worked several exceedingly rich gold mines near the ancient city of Cartajo in the adjoining province, but that the hostility of the Indians compelled them to abandon both the mines and the city; and notwithstanding that many efforts have since been made to discover the site of the city and its mines, they are still unknown. These recent discoveries of gold will undoubtedly induce fresh exploration, and may soon lead to the discovery of auriferous deposits of great value.

The district of Boqueron, in which the huacas now being opened are situated, is between 82° and 83° west longitude, and 8° and 9° north latitude, and about 180 miles southwest of the city of Panama.

AUNT DAGON RAKING THE ROOM.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

# TRUMPS.

## BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. DUNHAM BRICKLE AT HOME. *On dansera.*

Society opened its eyes and actually stared when it beheld Miss Hope Wayne entering the drawing-room of Mrs. Dunham Brickle. Mrs. Brickle herself, all satin and artificial flowers and Mechlin lace, received Mrs. Dinks and Miss Wayne with a smirking obeisance refreshing to witness.

"Really, Miss Wayne, I am delighted," said Mrs. Brickle, with a smile that might have been made at the same shop with the flowers that dangled over it, and those that maintained perennial spring upon the bosom of the matron already far advanced in the Indian summer of life.

Mrs. Dunham Brickle's friendship for Miss Wayne and her delightful aunt from Boston consisted in two pieces of pasteboard on which was printed in German text, "Mrs. Dunham Brickle, St. John's Square," and which she had left during the winter; and her delight at seeing her was genuine—not that she expected they would solace each other's souls with friendly intercourse, but that she knew Hope to be a famous beauty who had held herself retired until now at the very end of the season, when she appeared, for the first time, at her ball.

This reflection secured an unusually ardent reception for Mrs. Dagon, who followed Mrs. Dinks's party, and who, having made her salutation to the hostess, said to Mr. Boniface Newt, her nephew, who accompanied her,

"Now I'll go and stand by the pier-glass, so that I can rake the rooms. And, Boniface, mind, I depend upon your getting me some lobster sauce, at supper, with plenty of dressing—mind, now, plenty of dressing."

Perched like a contemplative vulture by the pier, Mrs. Dagon declined chairs and sofas, but put her eye-glass to her eyes to spy out the land. She had arrived upon the scene of action early. She always did.

"I want to see every body come in. There's a great deal in watching how people speak to each other. I've found out a great many things in that way, my dear, which were not suspected," said she to Mrs. Nancy Newt, who rarely suspected any thing until it was found out.

Presently a glass at the other end of the room that was bobbing up and down and about at every body and thing—at the ceiling, at the wall, and the carpet—discovering the rouge upon cheeks whose ruddy freshness charmed less perceptive eyes—reducing the prettiest lace to the smallest terms in substance and price, detecting base cotton with one fell glance, and the part of the old dress ingeniously furbished to do duty as new—this philosophic and critical glass presently encountered Mrs. Dagon's in mid-career. The two ladies behind the glasses glared at each other for a moment, then bowed and nodded, like two Chinese idols set up on end at each extremity of the room.

"Good-evening, dear, good Mrs. Winslow Orry," said the smiling eyes of Mrs. Dagon to that lady. "How doubly scraggy you look in that worn-out old sea-green satin!" said the smiling old lady to herself.

"How do, darling Mrs. Dagon?" said the responsive glance of Mrs. Orry, with the most gracious effulgence of aspect, as she glared across the room—inwardly thinking "What a silly old hag to lug that cotton lace cape all over town!"

People poured in. The rooms began to swarm. There was a warm odor of kid gloves, scent-bags, and heliotrope.—There was an incessant fluttering of fans and bobbing of heads. One hundred gentlemen said, "How warm it is!" One hundred ladies of the highest fashion answered, "Very." Fifty young men, who all wore coats, collars, and waistcoats that seemed to have been made in the lump, and all after the same pattern, stood speechless about the rooms, wondering what under heaven to do with their hands. Fifty older married men, who had solved that problem, folded their hands behind their backs, and beamed vaguely about, nodding their heads whenever they recognized any other head, and saying, "Good-evening," and then, after a little more beaming, "How are yer?" Waiters pushed about with trays covered with little glasses of lemonade and port-sangaree, which offered favorable openings to the unemployed young men and the married gentlemen, who crowded along with a glass in each hand, frightening all the ladies and begging every body's pardon.

All the Knickerbocker jewels glittered about the rooms. Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut carried not less than eight thousand dollars' worth of diamonds upon her person—at least that was Mrs. Orry's deliberate conclusion after a careful estimate. Mrs. Dagon, when she heard what Mrs. Orry said, merely exclaimed, "Fiddle! Anastatia Orry can tell the price of lutestring a yard because Winslow Orry failed in that business, but she knows as much of diamonds as an elephant of good manners."

Notwithstanding these rival judgments, Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut moved among the throng with a face of such burnished smoothness and complacency that no expression could have remained upon it for a moment, any more than water upon a polished statue. Her dress was a superb brocade. It was unexceptionably made—just low enough in the neck—just high enough in the arms. That neck itself was also unexceptionable—so were the arms. They were as white as if they had been enameled—as smooth as if they had been rubbed with pumice-stone. Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut's neck was a plump, broad, perfectly expressionless surface. Corlaer Van Boozenberg, Abel Newt, Herbert Octoyne, and other young gentlemen of fashion, contemplated it from behind, and decided that it resembled a great form of blanc-mange—"but quite without flavor," said Abel.

"Suppose you taste it," said Herbert Octoyne, laughing.

The young men passed on smiling, making low bows, suggestive of extraordinary respect, as they passed Mrs. Van Kraut.

That lady's eyes were large and round—they were also as smooth and unmeaning as her neck and arms. Her hair was brown and carefully curled. It had evidently undergone the same polishing process that imparted that peculiar air of impeccable smoothness to her whole appearance. She was leaning on the arm of a gentleman in a black coat and trowsers, with a white waistcoat and cravat, and a ruffled shirt. He might have been thirty—he might have been fifty years old. He had been at all parties for the last twenty years, and would probably continue to go for twenty more. He looked very grave and said little, and was always unimpeachably dressed—not as a dandy, and not behind the fashion. He expressed no opinions—for he had none. He made no jokes—but smiled politely at the efforts of others. There was not a safer man in society than Mr. Louis Wilkottle. He was universally considered "such a gentleman," and devoted himself rather exclusively to married ladies; so that the number of dinner parties and small family gatherings at which he was present was quite incredible. He knew every body and every thing in the world of society. The unmarried girls were not afraid of him in the least. They gave up timidity and blushing when he approached—"Pooh! it's only Loo Wilkottle," they said, taking a freedom with his Christian name.

Of course he was careful to associate with the right sort of people, and was therefore always to be seen attending Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut whenever she appeared, for of all the right sort of people she was chief. The Bleecker Van Kraut property could hardly have been less than a million and a half, and that immense fortune had actually condescended to marry her. She was merely Lucy Slumb before that transfiguration. The Van Kraut property had been bowing and grinning about the drawing-rooms of New York for a year or two, watched with palpitating hearts and longing eyes. Until that was disposed of, nothing else could win a glance. There were several single hundreds of thousands openly walking about the same rooms, but while they were received very politely, they were made to feel that a million and a half was in presence and unappropriated, and they fell humbly back.

Madame de Feuille had polished Lucy Slumb until the young lady was finished to such a degree of smoothness that she actually slipped out of the machine.

"Of course," every body said, "a girl who can speak French, and play the piano, and dance, and draw in water-colors, and conduct always with such perfect breeding as that, may look for any thing."

Miss Lucy Slumb being thus completely polished, rolled about society like a billiard ball under the cue of a master. Every thing was hard smoothness and slow rolling. When there was a collision there was no crash, only a gentle click. Presently the Van Kraut property put her in its pocket. She was entirely merged in it. In her own house, in the street, in her carriage, at church, in a ball, at the baptism of her children, at the death-bed of her parents, she was a triumph of polish and hard smoothness—a sign on which was printed in silk, satin, diamonds, gold cameos, and mosaics, "the Bleecker Van Kraut property."

She always wore the appropriate dress for every occasion, and every detail of her household was managed with punctilious care. Her mansion was a miracle of order and propriety. No dust—no sun—no newspapers—no disorder. In the library the books, in gilt criminal uniforms, were locked into mahogany jails. In the drawing-rooms the chairs and sofas and tables seemed to be a company of old bachelors and old maids, so precise were their angles and so rigidly preserved their places in the room. The chamber furniture was all on its good behavior. Every thing seemed to say, "We belong to the great Van Kraut property." The same thing was echoed along the clean corridors, and whispered up and down the stairs. The silver plate murmured it to the cut glass, and the glass glittered the proud truth to the china. No noise—no sun—no loud talking—no singing—except with a master. You would have thought at least that Monsieur de Feuille must have built and furnished the house.

So-ci-e-ty knew all this. It gazed with half envy upon the smooth lady as she passed through Mrs. Brickle's rooms. But it made way for her. It bowed gallantly. It trod on the toes of mere competencies. It pushed limited incomes ruthlessly back. As for salaries, they were mashed and squeezed against the wall as Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut moved on, supported by the arm of Mr. Louis Wilkottle. They did not speak to each other. He was satisfied and proud to be attending her. She was content to know and to proclaim to all the world that she was Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut.

The Chinese idols stopped wagging their heads in the intentness with which they surveyed the progress of Mrs. Van Kraut; but they could not pick a flaw. It gave Mrs. Dagon the headache to think that she could not even suspect, with any air of possibility, an improper intimacy between Mrs. Van Kraut and Louis Wilkottle. She even laughed at herself in the midst of her chagrin for merely thinking such a solecism possible.

Fanny Newt's eyes were also in the field early. Fanny, upon her début in society, had contemplated the capture of the Van Kraut property; but the very vigor with which she conducted the campaign had frightened the poor gentleman who was the present member for that property, in society, so that he shivered and withdrew on the dizzy verge of a declaration; and when he subsequently encountered the billiard ball he was immediately charmed by the very gentle collision. He said, "Will you?" and there was a perfectly polished click of assent in reply.

"Heaven save me from a smart woman!" prayed Bleecker Van Kraut; and Heaven heard and kindly granted his prayer.

So Fanny had baited again, and had now fairly hooked her fish. But she had not yet drawn him to land. There was an old mother fish in the water, who knew the mystery of hooks and baits—of innocent worms drifting with the current, and sparkling flies sporting on the stream. Beware, my finny precious! my darling spawn!

Presently, while the hot hum went on, and laces, silks, satins, brocades, muslins, and broadcloth intermingled and changed places, so that Arthur Merlin, whom Lawrence Newt had brought, declared the ball looked like a shot silk, or a salmon's belly—upon overhearing which, Mrs. Salmon Delway, who was passing with Mr. Moultrie, looked unspeakable things—the quick eyes of Fanny Newt encountered the restless orbs of Mrs. Dinks.

Alfred had left town for Boston on the very day on which Hope Wayne had learned the story of her engagement. Neither his mother nor Hope, therefore, had had an opportunity of asking an explanation.

"I am glad to see Miss Wayne with you to-night," said Fanny.

"My niece is her own mistress," replied Mrs. Dinks, in a sub-acid tone.

Fanny's eyes grew blacker and sharper in a moment. An Indian whose life depends upon concealment from his pursuer is not more sensitive to the softest dropping of the lightest leaf than was Fanny Newt's sagacity to the slightest indication of discovery of her secret. There is trouble, she said to herself, as she heard Mrs. Dinks's reply.

"Miss Wayne has been a recluse this winter," remarked Fanny, with infinite blandness.

"Yes, she has had some kind of whim," replied Mrs. Dinks, shaking her shoulders as if to settle her dress.

"We girls have all suspected, you know, of course, Mrs. Dinks," said Miss Newt, with a very successful imitation of archness and a little bend of the neck.

"Have you indeed!" retorted Mrs. Dinks, in almost a bellicose manner.

"Why, yes, dear Mrs. Dinks; don't you remember at Saratoga—you know?" continued Fanny, with imperturbable composure.

"What happened at Saratoga?" asked Mrs. Dinks, with smooth defiance on her face, and conscious that she had never actually mentioned any engagement between Alfred and Hope.

"Dear me! So many things happen at Saratoga," answered Fanny, bridling like a pert Miss of seventeen. "And when a girl has a handsome cousin, it's very dangerous." Fanny Newt was determined to know where she was.

"Some girls are very silly and willful," tartly remarked Mrs. Dinks.

"I suppose," said Fanny, with extraordinary coolness, continuing the *rôle* of the arch maid of seventeen—"I suppose, if every thing one hears is true, we may congratulate you, dear Mrs. Dinks, upon an interesting event?" And Fanny raised her bouquet and smelled at it vigorously—at least, she seemed to be doing so, because the flowers almost covered her face, but really they made an ambush from which she spied the enemy, unseen.

The remark she had made had been made a hundred times before to Mrs. Dinks. In fact, Fanny herself had used it, under various forms, to assure herself, by the pleased reserve of the reply which Mrs. Dinks always returned, that the lady had no suspicion of her error. But this time Mrs. Dinks, whose equanimity had been entirely disturbed by her discovery that Hope was not engaged to Alfred, asked formally, and not without a slight sneer which arose from an impatient suspicion that Fanny knew more than she chose to disclose—

"And pray, Miss Newt, what do people hear? Really, if other people are as unfortunate as I am, they hear a great deal of nonsense."

Upon which Mrs. Budlong Dinks sniffed the air like a charger.

"I know it—it is really dreadful," returned Fanny Newt. "People do say the most annoying and horrid things. But this time, I am sure, there can be nothing very vexatious." And Miss Newt fanned herself with ferocious complacency, as if she were resolved to prolong the pleasure which Mrs. Dinks must undoubtedly have in the conversation.

Hitherto it had been the policy of that lady

LOO WILKOTTLE AND MRS. VAN KRAUT.

to demur and insinuate and bridle and declare how strange it was, and how gossipy people were, and finally to retreat from a direct reply under cover of a pretty shower of ohs! and ahs! and indeeds! and that policy had been uniformly successful. Everybody said, "Of course Alfred Dinks and his cousin are engaged, and Mrs. Dinks likes to have the conversation play with the fact—although there are reasons why it must be not openly acknowledged." So Field Marshal Mrs. Dinks outgeneraled Everybody. But the gallant young private, Miss Fanny Newt, was resolved to win her epaulets.

As Mrs. Dinks made no reply, and assumed the appearance of a lady who, for her own private and inscrutable reasons, had concluded to forego the prerogative of speech forevermore, while she fanned herself calmly, and regarded Fanny with a kind of truculent calmness that seemed to say, "What are you going to do about that last triumphant move of mine?" Fanny proceeded in a strain of continuous sweetness that fairly rivaled the smoothness of the neck, and the eyes, and the arms of Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut:

"I suppose there can be nothing very disagreeable to Miss Wayne's friends in knowing that she is engaged to Mr. Alfred Dinks?"

Alas! Mrs. Dinks, who knew Hope, knew that the time for dexterous subterfuges and misleadings had passed. She resolved that people, when they discovered what they inevitably soon must discover, should not suppose that she had been deceived. So, looking straight into Fanny Newt's eyes without flinching—and somehow it was not a look of profound affection—she said,

"I was not aware of any such engagement."

"Indeed," replied the undaunted Fanny, "I have heard that love is blind, but I did not know that it was true of maternal love. Mr. Dinks's mother is not his confidante, then, I presume?"

The bad passions of Mr. Dinks's mother's heart were like the heathen, and furiously raged together at this remark. She continued the fanning, and said, with a sickly smile,

"Miss Newt, you can contradict from me the report of any such engagement."

That was enough. Fanny was mistress of the position. If Mrs. Dinks were willing to say that, it was because she was persuaded that it never would be true. She had evidently discovered something. How much had she discovered? That was the next step.

As these reflections flashed through the mind of Miss Fanny Newt, and her cold black eye shone with a stony glitter, she was conscious that the time for some decisive action upon her part had arrived. To be or not to be Mrs. Alfred Dinks was now the question; and even as she thought of it she felt what must be done. She did not depreciate the ability of Mrs. Dinks, and she feared her influence upon Alfred. Poor Mr. Dinks! he was at that moment smoking a cigar upon the forward deck of the *Chancellor Livingston* steamer, that plied between New York and Providence. Mr. Bowdoin Beacon sat by his side.

"She's a real good girl, and pretty, and rich, though she is my cousin, Bowdoin. So why don't you?"

Mr. Beacon, a member of the upper sex, said, gravely, "Well, perhaps!"

At the same instant also, in Mrs. Brickle's swarming drawing-rooms, looking on at the dancers and listening to the music, stood Hope Wayne, Lawrence Newt, Amy Waring, and Arthur Merlin. They were chatting together pleasantly, Lawrence Newt usually leading, and Hope Wayne bending her beautiful head and listening and looking at him in a way to make any man eloquent. Our friend the painter had been watching for Mr. Abel Newt's entrance, and, after he saw him, turned to study the effect produced upon Miss Wayne by seeing him.

But Abel, who saw as much in his way as Mrs. Dagon in hers, but without the glasses, had carefully kept in the other part of the rooms. He had planted his batteries before Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut, having resolved to taste her, as Herbert Octoyne had advised, notwithstanding that she had no flavor, as Abel himself had averred.

But who eats merely for the flavor of the food?

Mrs. Van Kraut clicked in the smoothest manner as Abel, metaphorically speaking, touched her. Louis Wilkottle slipped away from her he could not tell how: he merely knew that Abel Newt was in attendance, vice Wilkottle, disappeared. So Wilkottle floated about the rooms upon limp pinions for some time, wondering where to settle, and brushed Fanny Newt in flying.

"Oh! Mr. Wilkottle, you are just the man. Mr. Whitloe, Laura Magot, and I were just talking about Batrachian reptiles. Which are the best toads, the fattest?"

"Or does it depend upon the dressing?" asked Mr. Whitloe.

"Or the quantity of jewelry in the head?" said Laura Magot.

Mr. Wilkottle smiled, bowed, and passed on. If they had called him an ass—being the right sort of people—he would have bowed, smiled, and passed on.

"An amiable fellow," said Fanny, as he disappeared; "but quite a remarkable fool."

Mr. Zephyr Wetherley, still struggling with the hand problem, approached Miss Fanny, and remarked that it was very warm.

"You're cool enough in all conscience, Mr. Wetherley," said she.

"My dear Miss Newt, 'pon honor," replied Zephyr, beginning to be very red, and wiping his moist brow.

"I call any man cool who would have told St. Lawrence upon the gridiron that he was frying," interrupted Fanny.

"Oh!—ah!—yes!—on the gridiron! Yes, very good! Ha! ha! Quite on the gridiron—very much so! 'Tis very hot here. Don't you think so? It's quite confusing, like—sort of bewildering. Don't you think so, Miss Newt?"

Fanny was leveling her black eyes at him for a reply, but Mr. Wetherley, trying to regulate his hands, said, hastily,

"Yes, quite on the gridiron—very!" and rapidly moved off it by moving on.

"Good-evenin', Mrs. Newt," said a voice in another part of the room. "Good-evenin', marm. I sez to ma, Now ma, sez I, you'd better go to Mrs. Brickle's ball. Law, pa, sez she, I reckon 'twill be so werry hot to Mrs. Brickle's that I'd better stay to home, sez she. So she staid. Well, 'tis dreadful hot, Mrs. Newt. I'm all in a muck. As I was a-puttin' on my coat, I sez, Now, ma, sez I, I hate to wear that coat, sez I. A man does git so nasty sweaty in a great, thick coat, sez I. Whew! I'm all sticky."

And Mr. Van Boozenberg worked himself in his garments and stretched his arms to refresh himself.

Mrs. Boniface Newt, to whom he made this oration, had been taught by her husband that Mr. Van Boozenberg was an ass—but an ass whose brayings were to be listened to with the utmost patience and respect. "He's a brute, my dear, but what can we do? When I am rich we can get rid of such people."

On the other hand, Jacob Van Boozenberg had his little theory of Boniface Newt, which, unlike that worthy commission merchant, he did not impart to his ma and the partner of his bosom, but locked up in the vault of his own breast. Mr. Van B. gloried in being what he called a self-made man. He was proud of his nasal twang and his want of grammar and all amenities and decencies of speech. He regarded them as inseparable from his success. He even affected them in the company of those who were peculiarly elegant, and was secretly suspicious of the mercantile paper of all men who were unusually neat in their appearance, and who spoke their native language correctly. The partner of his bosom was the constant audience of his self-glorification.

A little while before, her lord had returned one day to dinner, and said, with a tone of triumph,

"Well, ma, Gerald Bennet & Co. have busted up. Smashed all to pieces. Always knew they would. I said to you, ma, a hundred times—don't you remember?—Now, ma, sez I, 'tain't no use. He's been to college, and he talks grammar, and all that; but what's the use? What's the use of talkin' grammar? Don't help nothin'. A man feels kind o' stuck up when he's been to college. But, ma, sez I, gi' me a self-made man—a man what knows werry well that twice two's four. A self-made man ain't no time for grammar, sez I. If a man expects to get on in this world he mustn't be too fine. This is the second time Bennet's busted. Better have no grammar and more goods, sez I. You remember—hey, ma?"

When, a little while afterward, Mr. Bennet applied for a situation as book-keeper in the bank of which Mr. Van Boozenberg was president, that officer hung, drew, and quartered the English language, as it were, before the very eyes of Mr. Bennet, to show him how he despised it, and to impress him with the great truth that he, Jacob Van Boozenberg, a self-made man, who had no time to speak correctly, nor to be comely or clean, was yet a millionaire before whom Wall Street trembled—while he, Gerald Bennet, with all his education, and polish, and care, and scrupulous neatness and politeness, was a poverty-stricken, shiftless vagabond; and what good had grammar done him? The ruined gentleman stood before the president—who was seated in his large arm-chair at the bank—holding his hat uncertainly, the nervous smile glimmering like heat lightning upon his pale, anxious face, in which his eyes shone with that singular, soft light of dreams.

"Now, Mr. Bennet, I sez to ma this very mornin'—sez I, 'Ma, I s'pose Mr. Bennet 'll be wantin' a place in our bank. If he hadn't been so werry fine,' sez I, 'he might have got on. He talks be-youtiful grammar, ma,'" said the worthy President, screwing in the taunt, as it were; "'but grammar ain't good to eat,' sez I. 'He ain't a self-made man, as some folks is,' sez I; 'but I suppose I'll have to stick him in somewheres,' sez I—that's all of it."

Gerald Bennet winced. Beggars mustn't be choosers, said he, feebly, in his sad heart, and he thankfully took the broken victuals Jacob Van Boozenberg threw him. But he advised Gabriel, as we saw, to try Lawrence Newt.

Mrs. Newt agreed with Mr. Van Boozenberg that it was very warm.

"I heerd about you to Saratogy, last summer, Mrs. Newt; but you ain't been to see ma since you come home. 'Ma,' sez I, 'why don't Mrs. Newt call and see us?' 'Law, pa,' sez she, 'Mrs. Newt can't call and see such folks as we be!' sez she. 'We ain't fine enough for Mrs. Newt,'" said the great man of Wall Street, and he laughed aloud at the excellent joke.

"Mrs. Van Boozenberg is very much mistaken," replied Mrs. Newt, anxiously. "I am afraid she did not get my card. I am very sorry. But I hope you will tell her."

The great Jacob knew perfectly well that Mrs. Newt had called, but he liked to show himself how vast his power was. He liked to see fine ladies in splendid drawing-rooms bowing down before his ungrammatical throne and metaphorically kissing his knobby red hand.

"Your son, Abel, seems to enjoy himself werry well, Mrs. Newt," said Mr. Van Boozenberg, as he observed that youth, in sumptuous array, talking devotedly to Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut.

"Oh dear, yes," replied Mrs. Newt. "But you know what young sons are, Mr. Van Boozenberg."

The conversation was setting precisely as that gentleman wished, and as he had intended to direct it.

"Mercy, yes, Mrs. Newt! Ma sez to me, 'Pa, what a boy Corlaer is! how he does spend money!' And I sez to ma, 'Ma, he do.' Tut, tut! The bills I have to pay for that boy—! I s'pose, now, your Abel don't lay up no money—ha! ha!"

Mr. Van Boozenberg laughed again, and Mrs. Newt joined, but in a low and rather distressed way, as if it were necessary to laugh, although nothing funny had been said.

"It's positively dreadful the way he spends money," replied she. "I don't know where it will end."

"Oh ho! it's the way with all young men, marm. I always sez to ma she needn't fret her gizzard. Young men will sow their wild oats. Oh, 'tain't nothin'. Mr. Newt knows that werry well. Every man do."

He watched Mrs. Newt's expression as he spoke. She answered,

"I don't know about that; but Mr. Newt shakes his head sometimes, and he's really grown old."

In uttering these words Mrs. Newt had sealed the fate of a large offering for discount made that very day by Boniface Newt, Son, & Co.

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### MURDER IN BROADWAY.

One of the most audacious and deliberate attempts at murder ever made in this city occurred at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, in Canal Street, near Broadway. The victim was a young woman, named Virginia Stewart, who, until lately, has resided in Mobile as the mistress of a cotton-broker, named Robert C. M'Donald. Desirous of escaping from her paramour, whose intemperate and violent habits had caused her to dislike him, she clandestinely left Mobile for this city. M'Donald left in pursuit of her, and arrived here a few days after her. Unable to discover her hiding-place, for three weeks past he has given himself up to the greatest excesses. In this condition he accidentally met his fugitive mistress on Saturday, and after vainly endeavoring to induce her to return with him to Mobile, just as she was turning away from him he drew a revolver and shot her. The ball took effect in the forehead above the left eye, and is said to be mortal. The woman was removed to the City Hospital, and the intended assassin was taken into custody.

### MRS. BLANDINA DUDLEY'S PROPERTY.

The Albany *Statesman* of Saturday gives the provisions of what purports to be a will made by this lady, in which about $250,000 are involved. The instrument purports to be acknowledged at Utica, instead of Albany, was duly recorded in the Clerk's Office of Oneida County, and then left on the 20th inst., at the Clerk's Office in Albany, to be recorded there. The young gentleman in whose name the trust is executed is the son of the subscribing witness, at whose instance Mrs. Dudley says that she affixed to it her signature, supposing it to be a power of attorney, authorizing the adjustment of some difficulties growing out of the Dudley Observatory controversy.

It further appears that Mr. Dietz, who is her business agent, and in whom Mrs. Dudley has ever reposed the utmost confidence, had no knowledge of such an instrument until it turned up at the Clerk's Office.

Mrs. Dudley had made a will some two years ago, and in March last became in effect her own executor, anticipating her decease, and giving to many of the persons named in the will immediate possession of the property. The specific sums mentioned absorbed about $300,000 of the estate. As the bulk of the remainder was to be executed after death, if the deed now recently executed should be declared valid, there will be no property left with which to satisfy the unfulfilled provisions of the former will.

The deed of trust conveys to Rutger B. Miller one half of Mrs. Dudley's real and personal estate, upon the condition that he will assume the name of her father, to be held by him in trust, for his representatives, subject to the limitations and conditions therein contained. In this assumed will, $1000 a year is to be paid to her agent; debts to the amount of $25,000 are provided for, and two sums of $5000 each are to be paid to the Common Council of Albany, to be applied to purposes therein named, and a few other unimportant bequests are made.

Inasmuch as the instrument was not acknowledged before a suitable officer in Albany by Mrs. Dudley herself, but by the witness in another city, and as her legal adviser had no knowledge of it, and because it was not placed upon record until a demand was made upon Mr. Miller for a copy, it would seem pretty evident that Mrs. Dudley did not contemplate such a disposition of her property.

### CARD-PLAYING IN A GRAVE-YARD.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* of July 22 says: "The grave-yard in Martinsville, Virginia, is now the daily resort of young men for the purpose of playing euchre. In some instances young men have been observed engaged in animated games of 'seven up' across the mounds of their brothers, sisters, or parents. When sons get to playing old sledge, for a quarter ante, upon the tombstones of the sons of the sires, we think it about time for the appearance of a missionary or a police officer. It is certainly a burning shame.

"Domestic happiness must be 'rizin' in Martinsville; yesterday a man was seen, switch in hand, inquiring of some if they had seen his wife."

### PERSONAL.

We print the following from the Petersburg (Virginia) *Express:*

"Garibaldi is a descendant of Mr. John Johnston Jones, who died at his residence in Blandford about the year 1767. It is a fact that a beautiful young daughter of this Mrs. Jones eloped from Petersburg about the year 1753, with an Italian tight-rope dancer named Garibaldi, who, having amassed an immense fortune in this country, returned to his own dear native Italy, where a large family and unalloyed felicity blessed the union between himself and his beautiful young Blandford bride. Mrs. Garibaldi corresponded with her father until the day of the latter's death; and letters subsequently sent over by the children of Mrs. G. leave but little doubt of the fact that the warrior Garibaldi now in Italy is a direct descendant of the Jones family, so well and favorably known in Blandford during the first half of the past century."

The *Tribune* says: "Crinoline was originally the name of a Parisian *modiste*—one Madame Crinoline, who kept a set of dress-making rooms in the Rue de la Paix. It eventually came into use to denote the article most in repute at her establishment. She it was who, by the invention of horse-hair woven into a sort of cloth and manufactured into petticoats, enabled the fair sex to dispense with that clumsy abomination which always placed them, if not in a headlong hurry, certain in—a bustle. The name of the petticoat was given from that of the inventor, as has frequently happened; the crinoline, the petticoat, was derived from Crinoline, the dress-maker."

M. Blondin has decided to cross the Genesee River, at Rochester, early in August, and on a new rope, procured expressly for the purpose. He has consented to walk the rope at Niagara again, for the last time, on the 3d of August.

The Charleston papers announce the death of Colonel Jacob Bond I'On, in his seventy-seventh year. The *Mercury* says that Colonel I'On's father was one of Marion's men, and a wealthy planter. He was an only son, and in 1803 was graduated at Yale College, where his attachment to Mr. Calhoun began. Coming home to a paternal estate, he was early elected to the Legislature of the State, and served in the Lower House. He adopted the opinion of the Federalists. In 1811 he entered the army and served as captain in the 1st Regiment of artillery.

We learn, says the Chicago *Tribune*, that the celebrated Potawatamie Chieftain Shau-bee-nay, died at his residence on his farm near Morris, in Grundy County, Illinois, on Monday evening, the 19th inst., aged about seventy-five years. He did good service in the Black Hawk war, and by his position and influence among his nation often gave his white friends sterling service. He came from a line of kings; was a nephew of Tecumseh, and was by the side of that renowned chieftain when he fell on the hard-fought field of the Thames. Shau-bee-nay was by birth an Ojibway; but marrying among the Potawatamie, according to Indian custom, he identified himself with his wife's people. In recognition of his services and position, he has received from the Federal Government since the year 1829, the annuity of $200, and some years since he purchased twenty acres of land, about five miles south-east of Morris, as above, where he resided until his death. He was a man of intelligence and sagacity, and a warm friend of some of the earlier settlers. He was above the vices which have, too generally, put the finishing touch to the ruin of his race. He was not intemperate, and there was a dignity and gravity about him which seemed to sever him widely from the poor, degraded remnants of the Indian tribes of this section.

At Newport, Kentucky, last week, a party of young fellows gave a newly-married couple a charivari, consisting of an overture, played on tin pans, stove pipes, and other unmusical instruments, which took them a couple of hours to execute. At the end of the overture the bride appeared among them in her marital robes, very much incensed at the impromptu serenade. So much was she incensed that she caught one of the smaller members of the band and doused him into a wash-tub full of soap-suds, where she held him until he was nearly drowned. He was finally rescued from the infuriated bride, and the party fled, satisfied to get out of the clutches of such a determined vixen.

We read in the Memphis *Bulletin:* "While a party of ladies were out blackberrying, near Elmwood Cemetery, they accidentally stumbled upon the body of a man, which, from all appearances, had been dead for several days. The head had been entirely severed from the body, and had partially been devoured by the dogs and removed to a considerable distance. On the left side of the head it was apparent that heavy blows had been inflicted, the skull being mashed in, while the body itself, besides being decapitated, bore other marks of deadly violence. On searching the body a number of letters and papers were found, going to show that his name was James White, that he had been connected in some capacity with the Memphis, Clarkesville, and Louisville Railroad, and that his home was Clarkesville, Tennessee."

General Tom Thumb, having returned to Bridgeport, Connecticut, his native city, has been invited by the Mayor and other principal citizens to hold one of his public levées for their gratification. The little General replies that he will give two exhibitions on the afternoon and evening of Friday, the 28th inst., the entire proceeds of which he will devote to the Bridgeport Library.

The Rev. Mr. Sleeper, late Episcopal clergyman at Oneida, has sued for a balance of his salary claimed as due. After a protracted trial on Tuesday, the Jury disagreed, and a new trial was set down for Thursday.

The Salem *Register* has the following: "Mr. Choate's début before a Boston auditory, after his removal thither, was on the evening of Thursday, October 22, 1834, on which occasion he delivered the opening lecture of the Boston Lyceum course. His subject was the importance of illustrating the history of New England by a series like the Waverley novels. He spoke for an hour and a half with scarce a recurrence to his notes, and his brilliant success in the metropolis was hailed with delight by his old Essex County friends. He had prior to this delivered several characteristic lectures before the Salem Lyceum, including a very able and impressive one on Poland, while the Polish revolution was exciting so much sympathy in this country.

Last week, in Charleston, South Carolina, Judge Withers, who is presiding at the Court now in session in that city, fined Mr. Thomas M. Hume $500 for having conversation with a juryman in regard to a case that was then before them. He also fined the Deputy-Sheriff $100 for allowing Mr. Hume access to said juryman. The Charleston papers speak in the highest terms of the remarks of Judge Withers on imposing the sentence.

The Columbus *Journal* says there is a young, self-taught artist living in Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio, named Crawford, who bids fair to place his name among the highest on the scroll of excellence in his art. He can not be more than twenty years of age, and yet his paintings compare favorably with the works of our best artists.

The Worcester *Spy* says that an "Old Folks' Quilting" took place in South Sutton last week at the house of widow Joshua Lackey, which was attended by sixteen ladies, whose united ages amounted to ten hundred and fifty-four years. They quilted a quilt of nearly two thousand pieces, the largest less than four inches square.

Two women of Cayuga, Canada West, went into the forest to cut material for hoops, being resolved to keep up with the prevailing fashion. They selected the stem of the "poison ivy," and after wearing the hoops a few days were so dangerously affected as to require medical treatment.

A gentleman who has been familiarly known by the name of "Andrew Jackson," but whose real name is Andrew Howitt, was found drowned at New Bedford. His clothes were found upon the shore, and he had evidently gone into the water to bathe. He was in the Mexican war with Taylor's army, and had five bullets shot into his breast and arm, two of which were never extracted. The wounds he received caused an aberration of mind, and frequently he dressed himself in a soldier's coat and marched through the streets. He received a pension from the Government of $96 a year.

We learn from the Springfield, Illinois, papers, that a meeting was called last week to take into consideration the matter of erecting a monument over the grave of the Hon. Thomas L. Harris, the member of Congress from the Sixth District, who died about eight months since. He sleeps in a quiet grave-yard in the town of Petersburg.

Delos E. Sill, editor of the Cattaraugus *Freeman*, lately made a fancy report of a trial of breach of promise, in which Miss Shaw of Buffalo obtained a verdict for $1000 from Van Campen, the fickle swain. The defendant has sued and recovered $1000 damages for the libel, just balancing the sum mulcted for the lacerated feelings of the lady.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## THE WAR.

### HOW THE TREATY OF PEACE IS TO BE SETTLED.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says that the representatives of Austria, France, and Sardinia will soon meet at Zurich to conclude the treaty of peace. There will be no Congress, as the two Emperors have agreed to settle their differences without the intervention of the neutral Powers.

The London *Post's* Paris correspondent telegraphed on the 18th instant as follows:

"A conference to settle the affairs of Italy has just been arranged at St. Cloud, and the early part of next month is spoken of as the time at which the representatives of the parties interested will assemble, but the place of their doing so is not yet mentioned."

The same correspondent learns, on very high authority, that both Emperors are convinced that the bases for

peace which they so hastily agreed upon, are in many respects impracticable.

*Le Nord* says, the preliminary treaty of peace, although arranged in principal at Villafranca, will be definitely drawn up at Zurich, and will then be officially communicated to the Courts of Europe, the adhesion of these Courts being indispensable to the organic and international stipulations which form part of the public law of Europe.

The English journals continued to ridicule the terms of peace, and even the London *Post*, Lord Palmerston's organ, had suddenly commenced an attack upon the proceedings at Villafranca.

### NAPOLEON'S REASONS FOR MAKING PEACE.

Napoleon, in his proclamation to the army of Italy, which the *Moniteur* publishes, frankly states the reason for not pushing the war farther; namely, that it was about to assume proportions entirely inconsistent with the views of France:

"SOLDIERS,—The bases of peace have been arranged with the Emperor of Austria; the principal object of the war has been obtained; Italy is about to become for the first time a nation. A confederation of all the Italian States, under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father, will unite them together as the members of one family. Venetia, it is true, remains under the sceptre of Austria. It will, nevertheless, be an Italian province, constituting a part of the confederation.

"The union of Lombardy with Piedmont creates for us on this side of the Alps a powerful ally, who will owe to us his independence. The governments unconnected with this movement (*en dehors du mouvement*), or recalled to their possessions, will comprehend the necessity of salutary reforms. A general amnesty will cause to disappear the traces of civil discord. Italy, henceforth mistress of her destinies, will only have to blame herself if she do not regularly progress in order and liberty.

"You will soon return to France. The grateful country will welcome with transport those soldiers who have borne so high the glory of our arms at Montebello, Palestro, Turbigo, Magenta, Malegnano, and Solferino, who, in two months, have emancipated Piedmont and Lombardy, and only paused because the struggle was about to assume proportions inconsistent with the interests of France in connection with this formidable war.

"Be also proud of your success, proud of the results obtained, proud, above all, of being the well-beloved children of that France which will ever continue a great nation, so long as it shall have a heart to comprehend noble causes and men like yourselves to defend them.

"At the Imperial Head-quarters of Valeggio, 12th of July, 1859. NAPOLEON."

### WHY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA MADE PEACE.

The Emperor of Austria left Verona for Vienna on the morning of the 14th. His order of the day, published at Verona on the 12th, says that Austria commenced the war for the maintenance of her sacred treaties, relying on the devotedness of her people, the bravery of her army, and on her natural allies. Not having found allies, Austria yields to an unfavorable political situation. The Emperor cordially thanks the people as well as the army, who have again shown that their sovereign may confidently rely on their devotedness if any new struggles should arise.

### HOW THE ARMISTICE WAS CONCLUDED.

We read in the Valeggio correspondence of the Paris *Patrie:* "Every thing has changed here, and in place of war men now look out for peace. The following is what took place the day before yesterday: General Fleury and his aid-de-camp, Captain de Verdiere, left head-quarters and proceeded to Verona. At the sight of the flag of truce which we carried the gates of that fortress were opened, and the General and his aid-de-camp entered without their eyes being bandaged; all that was required was that the blinds of their carriage should be pulled down. The French had observed a similar courtesy toward the son of General Urban. General Fleury was immediately introduced into the presence of the Emperor of Austria, who received him with great courtesy, and invited him and his aid-de-camp to his table. Yesterday morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, General Fleury returned to the French head-quarters, and at about two o'clock an Austrian flag of truce presented himself at the gates of Valeggio. He was a captain, and aid-de-camp to General Zobel. When he had delivered the message which he had brought for the Emperor, he was invited to the table of the Major-General.

"About eight in the evening I saw him leave on his return to Villafranca. He was a young man of very elegant appearance, and he rode with perfect grace a fine thorough-bred horse. His hat was surmounted by a large plume of green feathers, and he wore a broad yellow ribbon of some Austrian order. He was preceded by two French hussars, and behind him were a third hussar and two Austrian soldiers of a cavalry regiment; two or three other French hussars completed the escort. He passed through the crowd in silence, returning the salutes of the French officers and soldiers. During this time a council of war had assembled at the Casa Maffei, where the Emperor had convoked the King of Sardinia, Prince Napoleon, and the marshals. At five o'clock this morning Marshal Vaillant, Major-General of the army, and Colonel de Martimprey, his aid-de-camp, both in full uniform, with all their insignia and decorations, proceeded to Villafranca in one of the Emperor's carriages, followed by a squadron of chasseurs of the Guard. They returned soon after twelve o'clock, and had an interview with his Majesty, but we know nothing exactly of the result of their mission, but no doubt is entertained that the rumors of an armistice are perfectly well founded."

### VICTOR EMANUEL TO THE LOMBARDS.

The King of Sardinia had issued the following proclamation to the people of Lombardy:

"Heaven has blessed our arms with the powerful aid of our magnanimous and valiant ally, the Emperor Napoleon, and we arrived in a few days, after victory upon victory, at the banks of the Mincio. To-day I come back among you to tell you that Heaven has granted your wishes. An armistice, followed by preliminaries of peace, assures the people of Lombardy of their independence. According to your desire, many times expressed, you will henceforth form, with an ancient State, one single and free family. I take your destiny under my direction, and hope to find in you that concurrence which the chief of a State needs in order to create a new administration. I tell you, people of Lombardy, to trust in your King. Established on a solid and imperishable basis, he will procure happiness for a new country which Heaven has intrusted to his government."

### NAPOLEON'S SCHEME FOR REORGANIZING ITALY.

In Napoleon's well-known pamphlet on Italy, the following scheme is proposed, which deserves attention at the present time:

The difficulties and necessities of the Italian settlement, as regards Rome, are thus declared.

1. To reconcile the system of government of the Church with a legal and regular political system of government in the Roman States.

2. To render the Pope independent of questions of nationality, war armaments, internal and external defense.

3. To establish a native army, and substitute for French occupation the protection of an effective and real (*sérieuce*) Italian force.

The means for securing these objects (according to the Napoleonic idea) are to be found in the propositions submitted by France to Austria in June, 1857. These are:

1. Secularization of the administrative power in the Papal States, by the formation of a lay Council of State, with the duty of examining and discussing the laws.

2. Representation of all the interests of the country in a *consulta* (elected directly by the provincial councils, or, at least, chosen by the Pope out of lists of candidates submitted by these councils) summoned to deliberate on all the laws and to vote the budget.

3. Effective control of local expenditure by provincial councils, receiving their authority by delegation from elective municipal councils.

4. Justiciary reform, by the promulgation of a code of civil laws on the model of the Code Napoleon, or the Lombardo-Venetian, or Neapolitan Code.

5. A regular plan for the collection of the public revenue, on the model of that of France.

6. Amnesty.

### WHY THE EMPERORS MADE PEACE.

The following domestic view of the Emperor's overture for peace is worthy of attention:

"The Emperor was profoundly affected at the sight of the destruction of human life at the battles of Magenta and Solferino. There is in his mind a fund of serious philosophical ideas, which inspired his first labors, which are often expressed in his acts and words, and which must render him sensible to the evils of war. The fatal effects of the heat, which kills the wounded, and causes even the most healthy to suffer, must also have been for him a painful spectacle. The idea of putting an end to a war which had had such terrible consequences, and which besides had been carried to a point at which important results were assured, must also have influenced him. On the other hand, the Emperor Napoleon knew that from the situation of the Austrian army a proposition for a suspension of hostilities made by him in a dignified manner could not fail to be received with great satisfaction. The Emperor Francis-Joseph had left the field of battle of Solferino in a state of painful emotion. He was not able to restrain his tears on seeing the army defeated in which he had placed so much hope. Overcome by fatigue and sorrow, he was for several days afflicted with violent fever. His army, which, from the strong position it occupied, had been promised victory, was not only astonished at its defeat but demoralized. He dreaded the discouragement which the result of the battle would cause in Germany, and even in his own States. He knew that his finances were exhausted, that Austria was unable to replace the army so laboriously formed—the good discipline and the valiant resistance of which could not withstand the impetuosity of French troops. He suffered also from other disappointments; allies whose assistance he had called for, and on whom he could have counted before his fatal declaration of war, refused him their co-operation. The Emperor Napoleon knew these things; and perhaps the idea of aggravating the misfortunes of his young enemy, and of not weakening him beyond what was useful to the interests of France, may have afforded him pleasure. He knew, besides, that the Emperor Francis-Joseph, abandoned by the allies he had hoped for, saw them with grief ready to unite with his conqueror to impose on him a painful peace."

### DISCONTENT IN ITALY.

Strong indications of discontent at the terms of the peace were visible in some parts of Italy. At Florence great agitation prevailed, and the Provisional Government had issued a proclamation which describes the peace of Villafranca as betraying the fairest hopes. It says that the Tuscan Government participated in the sentiments of the Tuscan people on the subject, and declares that Tuscany will not be replaced under the yoke and influence of Austria against her will and rights.

According to the *Nord*, a French *corps d'armée* of 40,000 men will remain in Italy until the reorganization of the country according to the tenor of the peace of Villafranca.

The Piedmontese correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that fresh Piedmontese troops are going to Romagna, with Napoleon's consent, to maintain order and take from the Pope all hope of recovering it by the help of the Swiss Guard.

The most important towns of the Roman States have sent deputations to Garibaldi.

Modena and Parma are said to be in a state of revolt.

The Emperor of Austria, according to an official dispatch which had reached Paris, commands the whole of his forces to remain in position, and to be provided with food and military resources just as they would have been had not peace been declared.

### SENSATION IN PIEDMONT.

The London *Times* correspondent at Turin says that peace has produced the greatest exasperation and dejection in that capital. The Emperor Napoleon is accused of being a traitor to Italy, and his portraits have been withdrawn from the shop-windows to prevent their being broken. Two hundred French policemen were at the Turin reception of the Emperor. The King's manner toward the Emperor was cold, and there were no *vivas* from the people for him. By the Turin correspondent of the London *Daily News* the Piedmontese are described as being a prey to grief and stupor in consequence of the peace, which leaves Sardinia without a fortified frontier. A Ministry has been formed. The Minister of War and President of the Council is General Della Marmora; the Minister of Foreign Affairs is General Dabormeni, and the Minister of the Interior is Signor Rattazi.

### ADVENTURES OF A PEACE-ENVOY.

It was Captain Corbin, of the staff, who, after the battle of Solferino, was sent by the Emperor of the French with a flag of truce to the head-quarters of the Emperor of Austria, to inform his Majesty that Prince Windischgratz had been killed. Captain Corbin, who was accompanied by a trumpeter, had a bandage put over his eyes when he arrived at the Austrian advanced posts, and was led blindfold to head-quarters. There, his eyes being uncovered, he fulfilled his mission. Refreshments were offered him, but he only accepted a glass of tokay. His eyes having been again bound, he was reconducted to the French advanced posts.

### FATE OF KOSSUTH AND KLAPKA.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Star*—not a very reliable authority, however—says:

"Kossuth and Klapka, according to private letters from Turin, have both been detained at that place under the strictest surveillance of the French police, to whom instinct no doubt taught that if a treaty was about to be signed between France and Austria, it would not be wise to suffer the two perturbators of Hungarian peace to run off to Hungary. The Republicans here are furious at what they call the slip which has been given them, and we are waiting with the greatest anxiety for the next news from Italy.".

### WAR ITEMS.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says three applications were made to the Emperor of Austria before he would consent to the armistice. The overtures were made direct by Napoleon, for the purpose of preventing the mediation of neutrals.

The same correspondent says the Pope was burned in effigy at Milan, and that a very unfriendly feeling had sprung up between Napoleon and Victor Emanuel.

The Emperor Napoleon had quitted the seat of war, and was *en route* for France. He was expected to proceed direct to St. Cloud, and defer his official entry into Paris till he makes it at the head of the army of Italy.

The Emperor and King of Sardinia arrived at Turin on the 15th, and, amidst enthusiastic acclamations, were met by Prince Carignan and Count Cavour.

The interview between the Emperors at Villafranca is said to have lasted nearly the whole day.

It was said that Garibaldi was about to issue a proclamation, and it was considered doubtful if he would lay down his arms.

Up to the 11th, the formation of the Hungarian Legion had proceeded prosperously—5000 men having joined.

A letter from Rome of the 8th says that the Pope had sent an autograph letter to Napoleon, stating his determination to demand from the Catholic Powers armed intervention.

News from Milan of the 13th states that the King of Sardinia arrived there in the evening, amidst the plaudits of the populace. His Majesty subsequently presented himself on the balcony of his hotel, and was greeted with warm acclamations of "Vive il Re."

The Emperor of Austria has ordered an immediate cessation of the recruiting just commenced.

It was rumored that the Emperor and Empress of the French would visit Vienna.

The French army were reported to have commenced their countermarch.

Count Cavour and his colleagues in the Sardinian Ministry had resigned, and their resignations were accepted by the King. This action, it is said, was caused by the conditions of the peace. Count Arese had been charged with the formation of a new Cabinet.

Two days before the armistice a war tax was imposed on Piedmont, amounting to one-tenth of all the taxes on property, customs, taxes, etc.

### THE WOUNDED IN ITALY.

M. Armand, of the Fourth French Army Corps, writes as follows: "The battle fought on the Ticino was hotly contested on both sides, and attended with great losses. Every thing in our department was organized for acting *cito, citissime*, conformably to the urgency of the circumstances and the injunction of Inspector Baron Larrey: 'Proceed direct to the bridge, dress the wounded as rapidly as possible, so as to put them in a condition to be evacuated on the Hospitals, and do not lose time in great operations, which may be deferred.' Most of the injuries of the head only required simple dressings, for the reason that those which penetrated were usually fatal on the spot. Those of the face were accompanied by the most frightful injury, without affecting the intellectual faculties; the patients themselves, indeed, coming to have their wounds dressed. Wounds of the neck were also usually immediately fatal or comparatively slight. One of the prisoners had received a wound in the mouth with a sabre-bayonet, which glanced off at the side of the jaw, and came out at the lateral and upper part of the neck. There was hardly any loss of blood, and a simple suture at the commissure of the lips, and a bandage were all that were required. Injuries of the upper extremities almost always, whatever their amount, allowed of the wounded repairing soon to the ambulances. Penetrating wounds of the chest and abdomen, usually so fatal, allowed in several instances their victims to survive for some time—usually to die, however, on their road to, or soon after their arrival at, the Hospital. In some cases, however, vigorous reparative power of the economy, and a free use of antiphlogistic means enabled recovery to take place.

### EFFECT OF THE NEW RIFLE BALLS.

"The armies now engaged both use the new fire-arms, the balls of which deviate far less after striking an object than the old spherical balls. We must, therefore, expect a larger proportion of comminuted fractures. Hollow and explosive projectiles being also proportionally more employed, the artillery fighting has become more murderous. Altogether we have, therefore, to expect a greater proportion of fatal cases among the wounded than heretofore.

"After we had disincumbered our ambulances, we carefully explored the field of battle, both to remove any wounded that still might have been left, and to direct the interments. There were but few French still wanting succor, but a great number of wounded Austrians had been abandoned. The proof of the precipitancy of the retreat, or rather flight, of the enemy was the large number of wounded officers they left behind, without any provision for their treatment.

### CHARACTER OF THE WOUNDS, ETC.

"While traversing the battle-field of Magenta, the saying which had formerly been current with respect to Russian soldiers, that they must not only be killed but thrown down, was brought to mind. A great number of the killed, in fact, retained in part the attitude they were in on receiving their death-blow. Those who had died from injuries of the head usually fell with their face to the ground, and with complete resolution of the limbs. In those wounded in the heart, death, though rapid, is not so instantaneous that some attitude can not be taken. A Zouave so struck had fallen on his musket, which he held in the position of a bayonet charge, his energetic face projected forward, with the menacing attitude of a dead lion. Not far off, as a contrast, lay an Austrian who had died of hemorrhage; and in his agony he had taken the attitude of supplicating Heaven—his face turned upward, and his two hands joined, with fingers firmly interlaced. A Hungarian hussar, killed at the same time as his horse, both being shot through the head, remained in his saddle, carrying the sabre forward as during a charge. Some of the Austrian officers found among the slain exhibited a distinguished physiognomy, and were dressed with exquisite, almost affected neatness and cleanliness—their features, very different from those of most of their soldiers, seeming to exhibit courage with resignation. Such were some of the impressions made upon us while traversing the field of battle, giving rise to painful emotions, little calculated to dissipate those produced by still more dreadful scenes within the ambulances, the receptacles of suffering of every kind. Physical fatigue is great, indeed, but so also is the moral exhaustion of the surgeon; and great is the error of those who think his heart is hard, and that his impassibility is the result of indifference.

"In our ambulances, calmness and resignation distinguished the wounded. To their honor be it said, the soldiers with severe and often fatal wounds, restrained their complaints, and patiently awaited their turns. Groans and murmurs were rarely heard. The stoicism of courage, proud in its wounds, was the general rule. The railway to Milan, which the enemy had not time to destroy, was of immense service in transporting the wounded to the hospitals of that city."

## ENGLAND.

### PARLIAMENT ON THE PEACE.

On the 15th, in both Houses, reference was made to the treaty of peace.

Lord Derby pointedly inquired if the King of Sardinia was a party to the treaty, for it was understood that the Emperor of the French was his ally, and not the principal in the quarrel.

Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, said he did not know whether the parties to the Treaty of Vienna had been consulted, but so far as England was concerned, no particulars beyond those published had been furnished.

Lord Cowley had called on the French Government for the details of the peace, but Count Walewski told him he could afford him no information until the Emperor arrived in Paris, which it was expected he would do on the 18th.

Sir James Graham inquired if the Government was aware that a formidable French fleet was at Cherbourg and Brest, with gun-boats for landing troops.

Lord John Russell said that France had made no extraordinary preparations, and consequently no explanations had been demanded.

### THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY TO BE ABOLISHED.

On the 14th, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Newcastle stated that the Government did not intend renewing the licenses by which the Hudson's Bay Company held their North American territories. A bill would soon be introduced for appointing magistrates throughout the territory to prevent disputes between the Indians and whites, to establish trading regulations, and to prevent excesses. The Government was not prepared to grant a subsidy for the establishment of railways in the territory.

## FRANCE.

### ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR AT PARIS.

The Emperor arrived at St. Cloud on Sunday morning, the 17th instant. The Empress, with the Imperial Prince and the ladies and officers of the household, were in waiting to receive him. For more than an hour at the railway station the little Prince wore his corporal's uniform, and had a laurel crown in his hand ready to give his father on his arrival. As soon as the Emperor arrived he kissed the Empress, took the Imperial Prince in his arms and held him for some minutes. He afterward gave his arm to the Empress, and proceeded in a carriage to the chateau. At noon the Emperor attended mass, and immediately after received his ministers. In some quarters there was an appearance that a reassuring manifesto from the Emperor was looked for. Prince Napoleon was expected to reach Paris on or about the 19th of July.

### TROUBLE AMONG THE PARIS WORKMEN.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Star*, July 14, says:

"The stupefaction produced by the announcement of the sudden peace still reigns, to outward appearance, in Paris; but in the interior of the *ateliers*, particularly in the printing-offices, the agitation which began yesterday still exists. Not the smallest idea of *emeute* has entered into the brain of even the most scared alarmist in the place; but nevertheless much uneasiness is evinced by the patrons or employers of the workmen, in consequence of the unusual animation existing among them. There can be no doubt that, by some secret affiliation, a correspondence is kept up between the secret societies of the south of Europe and those which exist in Paris. The most vigilant police has never been able to discover the means of communication. Pietri alone could tell us, if he chose, as he openly avows his connection with more than one.

"That the return of the Emperor will be made the subject of some sort of demonstration on the part of the Faubourgs there can be no doubt, and the greatest care is already being taken lest any outward sign of the inward discontent be suffered to escape. Meanwhile the well-disposed and sensible part of the community—the shopkeepers and manufacturers—are busily exciting themselves to display to those under their charge all the advantages to be gained by this opportune pacification, and above all, the wise cessation of that bloodshed which must, sooner or later, bring a curse upon the people by whom it is inflicted far greater than that incurred by its unhappy victim. It must be owned that of late in Paris the working classes have been much more open to persuasion, much more easy to lead, than formerly. The grim *gendarme*, who tells you this from his own experience, will add that the reason of this change is owing to the transportation to Cayenne of such vast masses of the most violent; but the bourgeois who has dealings with the workmen of Paris knows that, on the contrary, these transportations had excited the most violent passions in those left behind, but that the greater gentleness and desire to arrive at a reasonable end by reasonable means is entirely due to the greater cultivation of their chiefs and to their mixing with an entirely different class of society at this moment to that to which they were wholly confined before the last revolution."

### A REPUBLICAN GATHERING.

Another letter says:

"The consequences of this peace are not all peaceful—far from it. The *ateliers* of Paris were all astir with the bare news of the armistice. What will be said at the positive cessation of hostilities? What will be sung when the Emperor returns on Saturday? I have just seen the master of an iron foundery of the Faubourg St. Denis, who expresses his disquietude as to the manner in which his workmen mean to employ the holiday they have one and all asked for on Thursday. 'They are Republicans *en diable*,' said the honest man, 'and I know that they have formed a party to go to the woods of Vincennes.'"

## ITALY.

### THE MUTINY AT NAPLES.

Additional details of the recent partial mutiny of the Swiss troops are received. A body of troops mutinied in the barracks, killing the Colonel and several officers of the 4th Regiment, and afterward repaired to the Royal Palace, but were forced back by the Chasseurs and Hussars on duty, to the Champ de Mars, where they were surrounded. The commander-in-chief of the Swiss called on them to surrender; they replied by a discharge of fire-arms, wounding the General and about twenty privates. Orders were then given to fire on the mutineers, when 75 were killed and 233 wounded.

### A LUCKY PEASANT GIRL.

While at Monzambino, Meissonier, the celebrated French artist, who has been summoned to Italy by the Emperor, executed a portrait of a beautiful peasant girl who was loitering about the inn, and gave it her. Some one standing by informed her it was worth 1000 francs, at which she shrugged her shoulders in sign of incredulity. The following day Count de Koncheleff, seeing the girl, asked her to sell it to him. She replied she had given it to her sweet-heart, a good-looking fellow standing near. The Count made him an offer of five Napoleons for it, which the pleasant lover accepted without hesitation, and pocketed the gold with great satisfaction. On his side, the Count has not made a bad speculation.

## RUSSIA.

### ROMANCE OF A PRETTY GIRL.

Last December, an officer in the elegant uniform of the Chevalier Guards galloped along one of the most crowded and fashionable streets in St. Petersburg. Passing a *magasin de modes*, he saw a charming young girl enter. He followed her, and was struck by her cheerful but modest grace, and the freshness and tenderness which distinguished her. On her retiring, he learned that she was the daughter of a poor *chinowich* (civilian), that the shop people worked for her at a low rate, from admiration of her youth and character, and that she would return at six. That officer, with two of his friends, indulged in a sumptuous dinner, inflaming his passions with costly Champagne. But exactly at six a large and gorgeous *troika* (a double-seated sledge) stopped near the *magasin*, harnessed with three splendid horses. The poor Olga advanced, was instantly half stifled in a fur cloak, lifted into the *troika*, carried on to Czarsko Zelo, where a convenient and lonely house of entertainment awaited them, and was there brutally ravished, after indignantly rejecting every kind of bribe. But her resistance was so violent that she disfigured the faces of her assailants.

Her father appealed to the hated police, but in vain. The police master assured him that the criminals could not be identified. On this, her brother, an officer in the country regiment, was written to. He was indefatigable in his inquiries, discovered that the three officers had suddenly announced themselves sick, to hide the scars on their faces, wrote a petition to the Emperor, and succeeded in awaking his sympathy. The police master was summoned, and the Czar charged him instantly to procure a true report of what had passed. This was done. The criminal was Prince Galitzin. But mark the punishment. The Czar instantly compelled him to marry the sufferer, and endow her on the spot with half his worldly goods, making her at once very wealthy, and then immediately issued a ukase of divorce, leaving her entirely free. All the three officers were transported to a country regiment, deep in the heart of Russia, and were refused any rise in military rank. Never was poetical justice more rapid and more complete. The sentence does honor to the Emperor, and almost makes us long, in certain cases, for an omnipotent despot. But this is not the only instance in which Alexander II. has given proofs of a good heart and great vigor. The circumstance has excited an immense sensation in the Russian capital, and will doubtless have good results.

## TURKEY.

### ANOTHER MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS.

A letter from Alexandria of the 30th ult. says: "A frightful catastrophe has thrown the European inhabitants of this city into consternation. The steamer *Silistria*, of the Ottoman Company, which left Alexandria for Constantinople on the 25th, with about 350 Turkish and Christian passengers on board, foundered at sea in consequence of a leak which she sprung in a few hours after she left the port. Only 273 of the persons on board were saved by a small Egyptian transport, the remaining 77 having perished. The captain and Turkish crew of the vessel are said to have acted with the greatest barbarity, preventing, by violence and murder, the unfortunate Christians from availing themselves of the assistance thus providentially sent to them. During the few hours previous to the vessel going down scenes of carnage took place on the deck between the crew, under the orders of their captain, and the Europeans on board. A Venetian had his head cut open by a cut from a hatchet, and others were killed in the struggle. The Christians, in addition to losing all their property on board, were robbed of all the money and jewelry they had about them. The captain and crew of the steamer, on being brought back to Alexandria, were put into confinement to await investigation into the affair. We consider it our duty to mention the noble conduct of twenty-eight Austrian sailors, who were passengers on board, and through whose assistance a number of lives were saved which would otherwise have been lost."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—THE PICNIC.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—AT THE SEA-SIDE.

## THREE NIGHTS BY ASH-POOL.

### I.

"Mary's late i' coming home, mother."

"So she is, Alice; just put thy apron ower thy head and run down t' garden to look if she's i' sight;—she suld ha' been home long afore this. T' clock's upo' t' stroke o' ten."

When Alice opened the house-door her mother heard the low-moaning of the mid-summer wind in the full trees, and, dropping her sewing, followed into the porch. It was a deep, shady porch, garlanded about with roses and honey-suckle as a rustic porch should be, and with a narrow path edged with golden St. John's wort straight down to the gate. There was no open prospect on either hand, for the hedges were high and the shrubs thick, but once at the gate, you could look far over the upland fields, and trace for nearly a mile across them the foot-path leading to Heckerdyke. The Wards' was a lone house among the hills, with a dense-planted hill rising close behind, and the corn lands and pasture lands stretching in front. They could not watch the curl of a neighbor's smoke for company at any time without mounting up through the wood, but thence they could see Heckerdyke in the hollow two miles distant, and the haze of other smaller villages in the valley further away. It was now a moonlight night, very clear, soft, warm, and beautiful, and the melancholy whusking in the leaves only seemed to deepen the stillness. When Alice had stood for some minutes peering steadfastly at the white road, she said, "I can't make her out, mother; let us walk a bit o' t' way to meet her."

"I don't mind if we do; only let me put on my bonnet."

Alice passed through the gate, and stood leaning against the post until her mother joined her, when they went straight forward along the path without there being much talk between them. Not meeting Mary, perhaps they walked further than they intended; for, coming to an inconvenient stile beside a great pond, called in the country-side Ash-pool, from the trees that overhung it, Mrs. Ward stopped, and said she did not see the use of proceeding. "She can't be long now, so we might as well wait here. Sit thee down, Alice; I'm well-nigh tired myself." So they rested on the plank put through the bars by way of steps, Alice above her mother, and both with their faces set toward Heckerdyke. Ash-pool laved the long meadow grass almost close to their feet, and when the swaying of the boughs permitted it, the broken moonlight shone through on the water with silvery brightness. It was a lovely spot! The moonlight and the ripple, the quivering leaves and the dipping reeds fired Alice's half-sleepy eyes, and she stared at them until she fancied she saw something white moving out of the black shade on the further bank.

"La, mother, I'm glad I didn't come by mysel'—there's something not right about the pool to-night!" cried she, shuddering all through, as I have heard old-fashioned folks say we do when any body is walking over the place where we are to be buried.

Mrs. Ward was looking straight along the path to Heckerdyke, but at this exclamation she turned her face toward the water, and replied, "I remember hearing tell when I was a lass how that it was ha'nted; but I've passed it mysel' at all hours, an' i' all weathers, an' I never saw or heard any thing. There's nought i' this world worse than ourselves, an' you've no call to be afeard, Alice."

Notwithstanding this encouragement, Alice's gaze lingered on the water with a kind of fascination. The ash boughs swayed apart under a stronger gust, and showed her the blackest and deepest of the pool, where the trees arched over like a cavern roof, and the bank was steep and jagged as if desperate hands had clutched and broken it in a struggling fall.

"Ay, mother, but it's a dismal, dreary place! Let's get on a bit further, or else go back!" cried she, springing suddenly from her seat. "It gives me such a feel you can't tell."

"I didn't know I'd such a fond lass to take flights an' fancies for she doesn't know what," responded her mother; "but come thy ways; if Mary was overpersuaded to stay supper at thy aunt's, there's no telling but she may stop all night; or if she doesn't, Jack'll come with her part o' her road."

Alice set off down the path at a pace which soon left her mother behind; at the next stile, however, she waited until she overtook her, when Mrs. Ward said, rather testily, "What ails thee to-night, Alice? One would think thee was daft."

Alice only laughed, and said she was all right again, now she had left Ash-pool.

"Such stuff! *thee* talking o' being feared on it. It's none so long sin' thee would paddle in after marsh-mallows, wetting thy skirts and catching cold i' thy feet! Don't run, bairn; who does thee think's after thee?"

Alice at this remonstrance moderated her pace, and they regained their home side by side. Mrs. Ward struck a light in the house-place quickly, and as Alice turned off the garment which she had worn over her head during the walk, she stood before her mother's eyes the prettiest girl in Rivisdale. Mrs. Ward was very fond of her two children, and very proud of them. They had been well brought up, and were esteemed as well conducted as girls could be. Alice was twenty-one, and was engaged soon to be married to Farmer Goodhugh, of Rookwood End; but Mary was only seventeen, and had as yet no avowed suitor. Alice had a healthy pale face, dark hair, and a figure that was almost perfect in its build and development, as her firm, agile walk and graceful movements showed. Cultivation could not have improved her much; Nature had given her the form and proportions of an antique model, and also some of the strong passions that moved antique women. Living all her life in that lone house, among the woods and fields; taught by her mother, and having no companion but her young sister, she had grown up pure, reserved, and good by habit as well as instinct. Reading her Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress from this world to a better, and a few old-fashioned volumes of spiritual instruction besides, was the highest of her mental efforts; but she was a clever dairy-woman on her mother's little farm, and had quaint stores of practical knowledge about herbs, roots, bees, and flowers; she was weather-wise, too, and could tell by the signs in the sky whether it would be fair or foul in Rivisdale day by day. Her sister Mary was learning the dress-making with Miss Timble, at Heckerdyke, but Alice had always staid at home to help her mother, the liveliest of her holiday excursions being a monthly visit to the village school-room, where the young women of the parish met to make clothes for the poor, under the superintendence of that excellent Dorcas, the rector's wife; and after which, for three years past, Mark Goodhugh had always contrived to join her and little Mary and set them home. Mrs. Ward considered Alice very happy in her prospect of a good husband and a good home, and between the young people there was an attachment warm, strong, and true. Alice was a woman of very deep feeling; her affection for her mother, and especially for little Mary, partook of the passionateness of her temperament.

"I think it is a craze I've got to-night, mother," said she, looking dreamily at the candle standing on the table between them; "for now I am away from Ash-pool I want to go back."

"I'll hear none of that, at all events," replied Mrs. Ward; and she locked the house-door and put the key in her pocket resolutely. "Mary'll not come home to-night; she's staid at her aunt's, or Miss Timble's got a press o' work an' has kept her."

Alice did not seem satisfied. "It's very queer, mother, the longing I have to go back and seek her; she's staid away many's the night before, an' I never felt like this."

"What's come ower thee, bairn! longings an' feelings, such a fash! What can ail thee?"

"That's just what I don't know, mother."

"Nor nobody else either. Get thee to bed, and thee'll soon forget all about it."

Alice felt herself very foolish, but very uncomfortable, as she obeyed her mother's mandate, and went up the narrow cottage stairs to the room which she and Mary were accustomed to occupy together. The little lattice had not been closed, and, looking out, there were the fields and the white road stretching away to Ash-pool. She stood gazing on them without any design, until her mother's movements in the adjoining room ceased, and then putting a plaid shawl over her head she crept down stairs, unlocked the back door, and was away across the first field before the aimlessness of this new journey struck her. Then she laughed to herself, and said, "It *is* fond; what has Ash-pool to do with Mary, or Mary to do with Ash-pool? But as I have got out I'll go on." And reasoning with herself thus, she quickened her pace, and in a quarter of an hour had reached the stile where she and her mother rested before.

All was just as still, just as beautiful, just as softly mysterious as when she left it; the water dimpling in the moonlight, and the great ash boughs swaying slowly to and fro. She stood looking across it, and blaming herself for her folly, and hoping her mother would not discover her absence forever so long. Indeed she made no attempt to go home, but presently sat down, exactly as if she had come out in the deliberate intention of waiting for somebody. And as she sat there flowed irresistibly over her mind vivid recollections of certain things she had read in her few books, especially of Christian towing to the shores of the waters of Death, and then taking leave of wife and children before going over the flood alone; but suddenly she was startled from her dreams by the sight of a figure rushing across the field where there was no pathway, straight toward Ash-pool. In an instant she knew that it was little Mary, and springing forward, caught her in her arms. Then a struggle ensued; the younger sister was slight and weak in comparison with Alice, but she had the frenzied strength of the despair that is covetous of death.

"Let me go—let me go, Alice," she panted, and twisted herself, and struck with all her little might; but Alice had clasped her firmly round the body, and trailed her by main force along the hedge-side, out of sight of the water; then she purposely dropped to the ground herself, pulling Mary with her, and there held her with a more gentle restraint.

Mary's efforts to escape ceased gradually, and she fell into a quivering, moaning, sobbing agony, with her head resting on her sister's knees, and her pretty long yellow hair all loose about her face and neck. Alice put it away, and, bending down, kissed her soft cheek, and then lifted her up, and made her rest against her breast with the fondest tenderness.

"You have got into trouble, Mary darling; but all's not over yet," said she. "I've been sent here to save you from doing a great sin."

"Who sent you?"

"It was God himself, Mary. I've had it borne in upon my mind all night to come and seek you by Ash-pool."

Mary said nothing for several minutes, but at last, in a gush of tears, she broke out: "Oh, Alice! what shall I do—what shall I do? You'd better have let me go. I'd have been lying like a stone at the bottom now!"

"Nay, Mary; your poor body would, but *you* would ha' been standing afore the throne o' God's justice."

"I don't think he'd be as hard as Miss Timble, Alice, if I was."

Alice was silent for a little while, and then thinking Mary somewhat quietened, she began to say, "You'll go home now, Mary?"

"No no; I daren't, Alice—I daren't!" And then the circumstances or the consequences of her calamity overpowered her reason again, and, with vehement cries, she renewed her efforts to escape. Alice was so excited that she did not see her mother until she was close upon them. The old woman had heard her stealthy departure, had dressed herself, and followed her out into the fields. Some way off she had heard Mary's agonized voice. Now she loved Alice, but little Mary was the idol and darling of her mother's heart; and when she saw the strange, unnatural strife, she stood for a moment paralyzed; but Mary had seen her, and was still.

"We will take her home, mother," said Alice, quietly.

"Ay, yes, we'll take her home, to be sure—take her home. Come, Mary dear, come now an' be good." And Mrs. Ward put her arm round her waist and lifted her up.

"Oh, mother, mother! I'm not worth it—I'm not worth it!" sobbed Mary, drawing herself away.

"We are none on us worth much, but thou art our Mary, an' thee must come wi' thy mother an' thy sister, let what will ha' happened thee. I say nought, only thee must come home."

"Oh, mother, that it should be me to break thy heart and shame Alice afore every body! I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead."

"Hearts take a deal o' breaking, Mary, that has their help i' the Lord Almighty," was Mrs. Ward's answer; and then she said to Alice, with an involuntary sigh, "Take hold of her, and let us get her home."

It was a miserable walk. Mary cried hysterically, and twice again made her insane efforts to get back to Ash-pool. It was something, indeed, to thank God for aloud, as Mrs. Ward did, when they had her safe in the house-place and the door locked. They put her into the great chair that had been her father's, and Alice kindled the fire, while her mother sat still and soothed the unhappy girl as well as she might. But Mary was not in a condition to listen or profit much. She was sensible that they whom she had most dreaded to see had taken her to their hearts and had not reproached her; but she was sensible also that she was a wicked girl, who had brought shame and sorrow upon all belonging to her, and that her own troubles were but just begun. Miss Timble had made her understand that too distinctly ever to be effaced from her memory. Neither Mrs Ward nor Alice asked a single question, though what had happened came upon them like a thunder-clap; for the present they were only intent on getting Mary quietened and put to rest. This was not easy of accomplishment; she rejected food, and declared she would starve herself to death—she would not live to be a disgrace to every body who loved her—if she were in her grave they would forgive and forget her by-and-by.

"Hush! Mary darling, don't talk like that," said Alice; "if God forgives thee, surely thy mother an' thy sister can."

"Miss Timble said you couldn't, and that the best thing I could do would be to die out of the way."

"Miss Timble has not had the same temptations fro' the flesh an' the devil as thee, Mary, or she'd know better than to speak like that. If thee sins no more thy mother's heart will never turn again thee; we maun't try to be more just than God, Alice. Thee has been very wrong, but thee belongs to us, Mary, if thee had been ten times as wrong; I ha' no right an' no desire to cut thee off. Alice, a sup o' hot tea would do all o' us good. Mary'll drink out o' my cup."

And when the tea was made, Mary was prevailed on to put her trembling lips to it and drink, and then she let herself be taken up stairs, undressed, and laid on the bed without any resistance, only now and then she looked wonderingly in her mother's face, as if what was passing bewildered her, and every few minutes a convulsive fit of sobs and tears shook her slight frame from head to foot.

Alice busied herself in folding up her sister's clothes, and when that was done she stood by the bed foot, looking pityingly at Mary, until her mother spoke. "Go thee to my bed, Alice; I'll sleep with thy sister to-night, for the less she gets talking the better." So Alice went away and shut the door.

But Mary could not sleep, and before the morning she had confessed herself to her mother—her love and her weakness, her misery and her despair. It was not without some entreaty that Mary would tell the name of him who had deceived her; but at last, having exacted a promise of silence from her mother, she did so. Nothing was likely to astonish Mrs. Ward after the lamentable discovery of her darling's frailty; and when she heard the name of the rector's son, she only sighed and said, "Who could have thought it?"

Good people are often awfully severe; the next day Mrs. Ward had this severity to suffer. She was alone in the house-place, about noon, Alice and Mary being together up stairs, when she saw the erect, solemn figure of the rector coming over the fields. She did not meet him reverentially at the gate, as her custom was, but let him knock at the door, and then silently admitted him. The rector was not an unkind man at heart, but he was rather magisterial in his office; he was more priest than pastor, and he was neither by nature nor habit used to tender dealing with the bruised sinners of his flock. Mrs. Ward colored painfully as he metaphorically put her into the witness-box.

"Mrs. Ward, is this true that I hear about Mary—her misconduct?" said he, as if he were preassured of his answer.

"I am not one to defend wrong-doing, Mr. Lascelles, as you very well know, but Mary's my child, and I will say this for her—she's more to be pitied than blamed, and him that deceived her is the greater sinner o' the two," replied Mrs. Ward, firmly. "He had better knowledge o' what's good an' what's bad than she had, an' it was a very poor thing o' him to ruin her that loved him. My girl's not vain or mean-minded like some, an' her undoing would never ha' come about had she not been ower-persuaded through the tenderness o' her poor heart."

"Really, Mrs. Ward, you make a confusion between right and wrong that surprises me! I thought that *you* of all people would have kept your daughter better!" said the rector. Mrs. Ward might have asked him why he had not kept *his* son better, but she refrained herself, and held her peace. "For a girl so young, and who had every attention from my wife at the school, she must have a very depraved disposition indeed to have done as she has."

"No, Mr. Lascelles, Mary's *not* depraved," returned Mrs. Ward, indignantly; "she has been led away, and there's no telling what she might become if we flung her out from among us like a bad weed. But God made me her mother, and let who will cast stones an' hard words at her or me, I shall stand up for her an' shield her as long as I live."

"Would it not be well to remove her from the neighborhood, at least for a time?" suggested the rector; "such a bad example to the other young women of the parish—"

"No, Sir, I will not send my Mary away from her mother an' sister," was the resolute answer; "as for her being a bad example, it seems to me she'll be a sad warning rather to her old lake-fellows. The poor thing will be punished enough by the cold looks o' one an' another, an' the sorrow o' bringing into the world a babe without any o' the love an' pride that helps us women through, without Alice an' me turning our backs on her. She'll stay wi' me, Sir, and we shall do what we can to comfort her."

"I am sorry to find you of this way of thinking, Mrs. Ward; if such early wickedness is not to be discouraged, I don't know what we shall come to by-and-by!"

"Mary'll have enough to bear, Sir, never fear; nobody need come near us that would rather stay away."

The rector rose with an air of displeasure. "And who is the other delinquent?" asked he, coldly.

"Mary'll not tell—"

"Worse and worse! Does she mean to carry on her intrigue?"

"He's far enough away by this, Sir—"

"Humph—very bad case altogether, *very* bad. Mary will come to no more of my wife's Dorcas meetings, and perhaps Alice would prefer to stay away just at present. I must show the young people that vice is to be discouraged, Mrs. Ward. Mary has only herself to blame that she is an outcast. I trust it may be put into her heart to repent of her wickedness and to amend her ways." He said nothing of the sinner being taken back with welcome and rejoicing—outcast she must be from human society forever—only the All-Pure meets returning sinners. And so he went away, leaving poor Mrs. Ward somewhat mystified between his Sunday preaching and his week-day practice.

### II.

Alice Ward's marriage with Farmer Goodhugh was deferred by this sad trouble which had befallen Mary, and there was even some talk of its going off altogether; but though evil tongues spoke, the young people, being truly attached to each other, fulfilled their engagement the next spring, and Alice removed to Rookwood End. Mary was then left alone with her mother and a bright-eyed, four-months old baby, which she worshiped as fondly, and mothered-up as delightfully, as if the blessing of God had been upon it at its coming. Old friends were shy of the house, but Mrs. Lascelles had been to see her; and though she came primed with stern good counsel, as she thought befitted a clergyman's wife, somehow she did not find the occasion to utter it. Mary showed her baby with a perfect motherly tenderness, and the sedate modesty of her young face forbade all imputation of lightness, and would have made rebuke seem very inappropriate. Her child had comforted her, and though Mary was now and then sorrowful, she was not miserable; she looked upon her little one exactly as she would have done had she been a happily wedded wife, and this her crowning joy. Mrs. Lascelles had not the heart to scold her; and when she went away she even kissed the child as it lay in its mother's arms, and touched its dimples with a playful caress. The tears flashed into Mary's eyes—she had been so longing to ask a question, and this emboldened her, though her heart beat very heavily all the time.

"Are you likely to lose Master Frank, ma'am? Will he be going away to this war they talk of?"

"I am afraid he will, Mary. I am sorely afraid he will," replied Mrs. Lascelles, sighing. Mary's face drooped; she said no more, and her visitor went away without any more words.

Farmer Goodhugh took in a weekly newspaper, and every Sunday evening Mary used to meet her sister at the stile by Ash-pool to receive it, and look for the intelligence of the removals of regiments—of Frank Lascelles's regiment, that is. Mary had never been to church since her calamity. She used to go and sit through the long Sunday afternoons on the hill-top with her baby alone and offer her prayers there—the coldness of old friends had made her feel herself unworthy to join the Christian congregation in Heckerdyke church. After tea Mrs. Ward walked with her to the stile, and when Alice and her husband appeared she would join them, and leave Mary to con her paper with the baby in her lap until they returned. This was done, as usual, one beautiful pure Sunday evening, and Mary had read, through blinding tears, that Frank was immediately going abroad. Nobody but herself knew why she was always so anxious for the paper; no matter what she *ought* to have done, she had not ceased loving him—she thought she never should cease to love him. When she had seen the fatal words, she let the paper drop to the ground and laid her lips to the baby's cheek—sobbing and crying. But Ash-pool dimpled its dark waters in vain—she had that

now worth loving and living for, and the shame was not greater than she could bear.

She had sat thus with her eyes hidden for some time, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a well-remembered voice said, in the pleasant old accents, "Mary, Mary!" She sprang up: she never reproached him; all was forgotten in the greeting of the woman who loved. For a moment only—they had been guilty together—both very young, passionate, happy, heedless of consequences—but the heavy sense of sin was between them, and its living evidence in Mary's arms. After the first impulse both were silent. Frank was the first to speak:

"They were all in church—I felt that I must see you once more, Mary—just once before I go. You got my letters?"

"Yes—I can't bid you send no more, but my mother does not like it. She would be grieved to know you were here now. Oh! Frank, Frank, it would have been better for me if we had never met!"

"I will marry you before I leave England, if you will, Mary—"

"It's too late, Frank—it's too late; you shall not waste your life for me. I know it would be *your* ruin to marry me, and it could not help *us*. We shall stay with my mother—so give us one kiss, and then go—"

"But when I come home again, Mary—"

"You must not see me any more." Her voice trembled and her face drooped as she said so, and Frank declared that he should not obey her. "It oughtn't to please me, Frank, to see you're fond of me as ever, but it does. I'm afraid I've a bad heart," said Mary, looking up at him, tearfully. "But what I said first was right—we mustn't see one another any more."

"Perhaps we never shall—Who knows whether I may live to come back?"

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" And then the sad tears came.

These two had had no method or design in their fall—young and beautiful, they had loved "not wisely, but too well." Of course the penalty would be paid by both in one shape or another—nay, perhaps the bitterness of that hour almost expiated their sin. Frank offered to marry Mary, but *she* knew, and *he* knew, that it could never be, and that the moment that witnessed their parting witnessed it as forever. We need not try to portion out the relative shares of blame—both passionate, both weak, we know on which descends the heavier punishment.

They had not met till now since her disgrace became public, but neither made any allusion to it; Mary said nothing of the hard words which had frenzied and driven her to the verge of self-destruction—of that terrible hour she never thought without fear and trembling. But Frank guessed much. At home he had heard his mother speak with a severe compassion of Mary, and mention it as commendable that she kept herself in seclusion, not appearing even at church. And he had brought this upon her! She and her mother and sister had kept his share of her secret faithfully, and she had borne all the contumely in her own person when the mere mention of his name would with many have gone far to mitigate the blackness of her sin. He could not thank her for this—any *words* seemed poor and cold, and she would none of his caresses. They stood side by side looking over to the sunset and the gilded trees, and speaking little; but there was the aching pang of remorse in both their hearts. The after-taste of guilt is very bitter.

Presently there was a sound of distant children's voices, and Mary knew that the people were coming out of church.

"Now, Frank dear," said she, turning her sorrowful pale face up to his.

"Must I go, Mary?"

There were a few tears mingled, scalding tears, such as may your eyes and mine never have to shed! Heart-drops that could not heal the heart-ache, lave out the sin, lessen the remorse.

The little one was asleep in Mary's arms all the time, close pressed to her bosom. Frank kissed the rosy, dimpled face, and kissed its mother. "Mary, I was very cruel to you—very selfish," he said.

"Never mind, love, that is all over. I will like to remember, when—when I don't see you any more, that you loved me. Oh, Frank, Frank!"

And thus they parted: and Mary ran home, crying, crying. You pity the good and true lovers on whom sorrow falls; have a little pity, too, for those whose passion lies under the ban of shame and separation. For all grief there is perfect healing, save for that guilt which society immaculate never condones. Scourge the sin as savagely as you will, but remember the sinners' humanity, and lay the lash on them lightly: perhaps, as Mrs. Ward said to her erring daughter, you have had less temptation from the flesh and the devil than your weak brothers and sisters around you.

III.

One night, rather more than two years after this parting, Mary Ward again took her way up to the stile by Ash-pool. Her little lad was now old enough to toddle beside her, clinging to her gown, to run on before and then scamper back, laughing and crowing, to hide his face against her knees. He was a very beautiful child, with great dark-blue eyes, and brown hair curling in rings all over his head, and every day, to Mary's mingled joy and dread, he grew more like his father, who was far away with the army in the East.

All the long morning there had been the ringing of Heckerdyke church bells for a great victory. Mary had heard the sound over the hills, and had paused in her work often to listen, and think where was Frank all the time that the sun was shining and the bells were ringing through bonny Rivisdale? Was he lying dead, face upward, on the crimson battle-field, or was he writhing, in wounded misery, in a hospital tent, or was he one among the happy saved and victorious? She was in feverish haste, for Alice was to meet her at the stile, with any news she could get from the rectory, whither *she* could never go, and once or twice she would have carried the boy, that they might get on the faster; but he was full of spirits and mischief, and would use his own little legs to run in among the wheat, to gather the poppies and gay blue corn-flowers, and kept her waiting again and again. But when she reached the stile, she was all too soon—no Alice was there, nor in sight upon the path; so she went further and further, until she came to the brow of the hill, which looked down full upon the village. A little way off was the church, with the rectory and rectory-gardens, and, leaning over the last stile, with the boy playing at her feet, she tried to school herself to watch and wait. At first it did not strike her that, though the sun had gone round from the south side of the house, all the blinds were down and the lower shutters half closed. But there was a strange silence and hush about the place; the door into the flowery porch was shut, and Mr. Lascelles was not taking his evening stroll of inspection among his roses. The joy-bells had ceased five hours ago, and though the day's work was done, there was no noise of cricket-players on the village-green, or of quoit-players at the ale-house.

She knew that Alice would go to the back-door at the rectory, and she kept her eyes on that, distinguishing curiously the green ivy-leaves, with the sunshine slanting round a corner at the west. So intent was she that she did not notice a young woman who was coming from a little dairy-farm that she had passed a few hundred yards behind, until she had twice asked her to make way for her to cross the stile. She had a jug of milk in her hand, and, with mechanical civility, Mary held it for her until she had got over, and then she recognized an old school-companion who had gone into service at the rectory.

"I can't stop, Mary, but I'm glad to see you looking so well. And is that your little boy?" said she. "There's trouble at home—you've heard, perhaps. They stopped the bells directly."

"I have heard nothing."

"Poor Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead—and missis is nearly distracted. I've just been for t' milk for our teas. I knew you'd be sorry—he was a very fine young man. Ay, true it is, t' best allus goes t' first!"

Mary never spoke, but just turned round, and, taking up her child, now tired enough to be quiet, tottered back to Ash-pool. Afterward she told Alice, that when her old companion said, "Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead," something struck her heart like a death-blow. Her sister found her sitting there by the water, still as a statue, dumb and tearless, and white as a corpse.

"You have heard, Mary?" she said, kneeling beside her. "They got the news this noon. It's very sad. They say he was riding into the battle, and cheering his men to come on, with his sword waving over his head, when a shot struck him in the breast, and he died. Oh, love, love! I wish you had a right to be sorry for him; but it is like a judgment on him for his wickedness to you."

"Then it's a judgment on both of us, for I was as much to blame as he," replied Mary, still clear enough to defend her lover.

"I never said so before, but I have hated him, Mary,—oh! I have hated him! I believe I was glad when I heard he was killed."

"Don't, Alice, don't!" And poor Mary shuddered with a blind, blank look of misery in her pretty eyes.

They were in no haste to go home either of them, and they staid by the pool as the sun went down. The child fell fast asleep in Mary's arms, but her anguish only seemed to deepen in watching the innocent, unconscious little face. Alice wished she would give way and cry, but of any such outlet for her feelings she was at present incapable. Her heart swelled, and her throat ached, but the tears would not come. And while these two women sat silently grieving, the bereaved father was coming slowly toward them, his head bent down, his spirit within him weak as water. He had lost his only son—his only child. There was little sign in his subdued presence of the magisterial priest who had condemned Mary and rebuked her mother—the flood of sorrow had come over him and swept him down to the level of suffering humanity. He had come to the fields by Ash-pool to be alone with God in his anguish, for Frank had been the joy and pride of his heart, and that he had died as became a brave soldier but little mitigated it. And so it happened that he saw Mary for the first time since she was an innocent merry girl, resting so still, broken-hearted, with *his* child upon her lap. Self-absorbed as he was, he could not but read aright the utter sense of prostration that her attitude and countenance betrayed, and with the frightened glance she cast at him as she moved to let him pass, a sudden suspicion came into his mind.

"Mary, you know what trouble has come to us. You are in great sorrow again. Are our griefs akin?" said he, sharply.

"Oh! Sir, Sir!" That piteous exclamation confessed all, and with a quick gesture she uncovered the child's face, and held it toward him.

The rector could not speak—than all anger, than all disgust, than all righteous reprobation, love is stronger. Mary's love for the son he had lost overcame his indignation. By-and-by he recovered his voice, and said, with a gesture toward the home where the bereaved mother was weeping, "I think, Mary, it would comfort *her* to see him, and to know—"

My sketch is done. While there is death in the world, and sorrow and parting, and sin, let love, and Christian charity, and forgiveness triumph as they triumphed here. Mary Ward's life was short—she died within two months of the night by Ash-pool, where she heard the tidings of her lover's death. The child was taken to the rectory, and is being brought up by the rector and his wife—all the world knows now that Mary Ward's son was also the son of Frank Lascelles. There is a gray slab in an out-of-the-way corner of Heckerdyke church with this inscription: "Francis Lascelles, aged 23. Mary Ward, aged 19. Who art thou that condemneth? Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Which monument has been spoken of as in bad taste. I think it is in as good taste as the lying glorifications which are so much commoner on church walls.

## ROUGHING IT.

Mr. Marbell had a theory—a theory that, by night and by day, he propounded to his friends, and to which, again and again, he endeavored to convert Mrs. Marbell. But the good woman was not to be convinced. Her nature warred against Mr. Marbell's logic; her tenderness replied to his first proposition; her motherly instincts rebutted his second proposition; her unfeigned indignation put down his third proposition. Mr. Marbell was a cold man; Mr. Marbell was a cold father; Mr. Marbell was a brute—more, Mr. Marbell preached what he never practiced, what he would never have the courage to try in his own person. Mr. Marbell was as fond as any body of his warm slippers by the fireside, his port feathered with beeswing, his hot shaving water, and his eider-down quilt.

Then why should dear little Augustus rough it? Mrs. Marbell wanted to know this—as, indeed, according to her husband, Mrs. Marbell wanted to know many things. It was the belief of Mr. Marbell that to argue with a woman was to exhibit weakness almost unpardonable; this, when Mr. Marbell found himself in that position which is popularly described as being in a corner.

Mr. Marbell being, however, the better-half, could extricate himself from his corner by the use of his natural authority. If he could not subdue and conquer Mrs. Marbell's reason, he could command her obedience. Augustus *should* rough it.

The coarsest porridge was provided for Master Augustus; the hardest bed; a nursery without a fire. Augustus must keep himself warm by exercise; exercise would make him hardy. The mother would carefully cover him with warm clothing, wind a woolen comforter about his throat, infold his mottled legs with gaiters, protect his little dimpled hands with gloves; but the father would indignantly remove these effeminate guardians against the cold, and send the boy forth to the east wind almost naked. Crying was put down by solitary confinement; a whimper produced a premature dispatch to bed. No sweetmeats; no fruit; no happy admissions to dessert; no visits to the pantomime; no nursing upon the parental knee. Winter and summer, in sickness or in health, cold water baths without mercy. Augustus is to be brought up to fight the world manfully. His flesh is to be hard as any mariner's; he is to breast the storm with naked bosom; to be content with the coarsest fare, and to flourish upon it.

But his mind is to be under iron rule also. His nature is to be as hard as his flesh. With tearful eyes the mother looks up into Gussy's face, and pouts her warm mouth to meet his. She would throw her arms about his neck, nestle his little head upon her shoulder, examine fondly, finger by finger, his infant hands—hands that, according to Mr. Marbell, are to forge thunder-bolts, and, easily as a pattern duke handles the ribbons, to guide the destinies. And the logic that to Mrs. Marbell lay in all this wealth of love she would have extended to her child, to soften the adamantine laws of her fierce lord—had she lived. The darkest day in Gussy's life was that on which his mother's feeble hands held his young head for the last time, and drew his fresh mouth to her own poor, bloodless lips. The boy was left alone in the world, to bear all the rigor of a father with a theory.

Most veracious is the history of young Gussy. We saw the miserable little Spartan day by day, roughing it. On bleak November mornings, when the leaden clouds swept past close to the earth, and an icy rain drove almost horizontally down our road; on days of broiling heat, when the milk which the milkman dropped upon the pavement hissed, and went angrily away in vapor; on frosty days, when the tread of tripping girls upon the ice-bound earth rang musically; on sloppy days of dreary thaw, when the snow had fallen to the thickness of ice-cream, and served up *pieds glacés* to all who ventured upon it. Marbell had become ferocious in his theory. There was no Mrs. Marbell now to pester him with tender counsel, nor to put a comforter about Gussy's throat. Gussy was now bound over to him hand and foot. Most fortunately for the boy there were no foxes in the neighborhood of Camberwell, or one had been stuffed under the shirt of Gussy, that his parent might see whether the boy could let the animal take just one bite at his stomach without wincing.

"It is a hard world," said Mr. Marbell, over his port, speaking with a friend, "and men should harden their children to meet it, as we harden steel, that, with a spring, it may bear any weight. Now, I have resolved to make my boy razor-steel at the very least. He shall be able to live where others would die—to flourish where others would fail. His constitution shall be equal to the mountain-top or the valley—to an Arctic expedition, or a secretaryship under Dr. Livingstone."

"The brute!" said (*sotto voce*) Rachel, the maid, who had just appeared, bearing to Mr. Marbell and his guest a plate of olives.

"The boy is not a clever boy; he is even dull. The better reason, I say, for hardening him. For with moderate abilities only to recommend him to the world, how can he make his standing good if he be not prepared to support incessant buffeting. His wants must be so humble that he may be able to save—ay, part of a crust. A mountain plant, Sir, he must flourish upon the dry rock. I, Sir (and Mr. Marbell glanced through his glass at the dancing beeswing), am the architect of my own fortune. I once swept the office of which I am now the principal. I met men on their own ground. I set my shoulder firmly to my work, and I found that I had need of all my strength to conquer. My boy shall have a tougher skin, a firmer muscle, than I had. He shall learn to rough it."

Mr. Marbell emptied his glass, and with two delicate fingers dropped his first cool olive into his mouth. The oracle had spoken.

An east wind was curling the autumn leaves, and compelling cabmen to draw their horse-cloths tightly about their legs, on the evening when the oracle held forth from his cozy temple, with a beech-wood fire mingled with sea-coal upon its altar.

Master Gussy was up stairs. He was in bed. Six o'clock was his bed-time. In a corner of an empty room was a hard straw palliasse upon the naked ground; two rugs covered it—sufficient, in the opinion of Mr. Marbell (below, now, eating his olives), for the covering of a boy destined to rough it. There the little Spartan lies, sleeping with all the grace of ten years: his arms under his cheek, his mouth parted, and his white teeth glancing through. There are two red patches upon his checks; around, the flesh is milky white. We glance about. There are his coarse blue clothes; there is his little canvas shirt, buttonless at the throat. But we look in vain for socks or shoes.

"Dear me, Sir," chimes Rachel, "Master Gussy doesn't wear none, please, Sir."

On these bitter days—through this frigid mire of our London roads—under these watery skies—fronting this sharp sleet of ours—to go barefoot!

"Master says he's to be a Sparting; but it's my belief they'll kill him—so there, I've said it."

Rachel assumed a daring attitude, as though she had chanted the "Marseillaise" under the Tuileries window—and more, had fully intended it for the ear of the master within.

"Then the child has breakfasts as no dog what respected his-self would so much as look at; and for his dinners—why, they make my heart break to see his poor little teeth a tussling with 'em."

Rachel looked tenderly upon the sleeping boy, drew the coarse rugs (saying, "Here's things to cover a child!") about his limbs, and kissed him.

Surely Gussy's mother is looking down upon you, gentle, uncouth Rachel—looking down, and hoping that you see her; and that you will still, again and again, kiss Gussy for her. Slave at ten pounds per annum, we believe that, as you say, you would not stop another hour under Mr. Marbell's roof if it were not for Gussy. But then—we trust you know and feel it—how sweet it is of an evening to come into this empty room, and know that as you watch this little sleeper, and cover his bruised and hardened feet, somebody far above this garret is watching you and thanking you! Not that this goodness of yours seeks reward; but there must be comfort in the faith that you are doing a double good here in your humble way—to Gussy, and to Gussy's mother. We were by, good Rachel, though you saw us not, when those big, red hands of yours drew, with a tenderness of heart that made them light as any lady's, the thorns from poor Gussy's feet. But there will be thorns in them again to-morrow, and again the day after, till the flesh has hardened, and can resist them—as Gussy's soul is to harden, as Gussy's muscles are to harden.

We call Gussy to mind years after we glanced into his dreary bedroom; after Rachel had been discharged for giving a slice of bread and sugar to her little master; after the neighborhood in which Mr. Marbell lived rung with shouts of indignation against Gussy's father.

Mr. Marbell had retired from business, at length, in order to devote all his energies to the hardening of Gussy—that he might superintend the icy coldness of his nursery, the scantiness of his bed-covering, the plainness of his food, his isolation from other boys. Day after day Gussy, barefooted, without hat or cap, his throat open, and his hair cropped close to his skull, passed our gate, walking, or rather ambling, behind his father. We fail to call to mind an occasion on which we saw father and son exchange a syllable. Mr. Marbell, with a solemn expression, to which the brandishing of a substantial crab-stick gave intensity of an unpleasantly suggestive kind, walked rapidly ahead always; and Gussy, looking at the parental coat-tails, and never removing his eyes from them, ambled, as we have written, after him. The throat of Gussy was milky white still, the cheeks red as a carnation. Old women turned upon Mr. Marbell as he passed; young women turned upon Mr. Marbell as he passed, and spoke passionately—the nature of their womanhood overbearing their sense of propriety. Nicknames of most offensive import were showered upon Gussy's father. He was a child-killer; he was "Old Tomb-stone;" he bore, successively, the name of every remarkable murderer known to the street-folk about his neighborhood. He was hissed, hooted at, and greeted with a gymnastic arrangement of little boys' fingers, the thumb acting as a fulcrum against the little boys' noses. But both Mr. Marbell and Gussy passed through the fusillade without glancing to the right or left.

We were standing at our gate one day, on a glowing summer morning. There was a pale heat film over the deep blue sky. The heat struck us under the chin from the burning earth. We felt that we could not bear the situation many minutes. Lazily, heat-oppressed, we were about to turn from the dusty prospect without, when Mr. Marbell walked past, at his usual pace, and Gussy was behind him—still ambling—his eye still fixed upon the parental coat-tails. The blazing sun was scorching Gussy's uncovered head, we were certain; his lips were white, and we thought the blood almost oozed through those two red spots upon his cheeks. We were tempted to dash through the gate and seize Mr. Marbell by the collar, and take his hat and boots off, and drag him to a barber to have *his* head shaved. But (how prudent we become at five-and-thirty!) we turned homeward, and left Gussy to be scorched by the sun, and still, with starting eyes, to follow the coat-tails of his father.

On the following day a sweet little friend of ours, whose voice makes us twenty again, whom there are "few to praise," and whom there shall

be, if we have our way, very few indeed to praise—this little friend came tripping along to the gravel-walk from the gate to the house, and trying to look over the mignonnette-box at our open window (at which we were proving, by statistics, that the ruin of Manchester was only a question of years, unless we built our houses flat for the future, and reared cotton crops, under glass, upon them), called to us. We dropped all our figures within to look upon the neatest and most convincing little figure without.

Mr. Marbell had just passed, walking as fast as ever, but little Gussy was not with him. To work went the brains of both us. We called to mind, looking very seriously indeed at each other, the dry lips and the hectic flush of yesterday. The little figure had a very grave head upon it now. We watched anxiously on the morrow; on the third day more anxiously still. On the third day Mr. Marbell passed, walking slower than usual. There was some heavy, bulging object in his coat-tail pocket—the very coat-tail upon which Gussy's eyes had been fixed so long. We jumped to the right conclusion—the bulging objects were bottles of physic for little Gussy.

Upon that straw palliasse in the empty room lay Mr. Marbell's little Spartan. Doctors' grave, pale faces were shaken over the thin limbs, and watched the weird brilliancy of the boy's eyes. He was hardened—hardened against all the iron trials Mr. Marbell had provided for him in after-days. Those little shoulders would never overbear a neighbor. The soul lying here, still in bondage, was not, we know, steeled yet. The outstretched arms of an invisible, dead mother were over this straw palliasse, and were about to clasp little Gussy—little Gussy, who repines not; whose glassy eyes fall kindly upon the rude parent whose brutal theory has cast him upon a child's death-bed; the rude parent who, within his memory, never kissed him.

We shall never forget little Gussy's funeral. It is well the police were there, or Mr. Marbell had not been alive now to tell any friend who may drop in to take a glass of wine with him how his theory of making children "rough it" failed in Gussy's instance.

The baby's place is upon its mother's knee; the child's place is between its father's knees, whence it may look up into his eyes, and sun itself in their kind glances. There are theories without number developing elaborate systems of juvenile culture. There are gentlemen in white neckcloths we know of who believe that model men may be built up like any engineering models, by strict rule, by hours of study exactly measured, by the reading of ponderous moral treatises. So Mr. Marbell believed Gussy might be made a hard, successful man (and a successful man was Mr. Marbell's beau-ideal of humanity) by rough usage, a beggar's cupboard, and a tramp's out-door experiences. But we own, as it is our pleasure to believe many will own with us, that we are rather with Mrs. Marbell, and with Rachel also. Our theory is that of making ourselves the familiar friends and most tender counselors of children. The world will harden them soon enough; but the less the better, in our humble opinion.

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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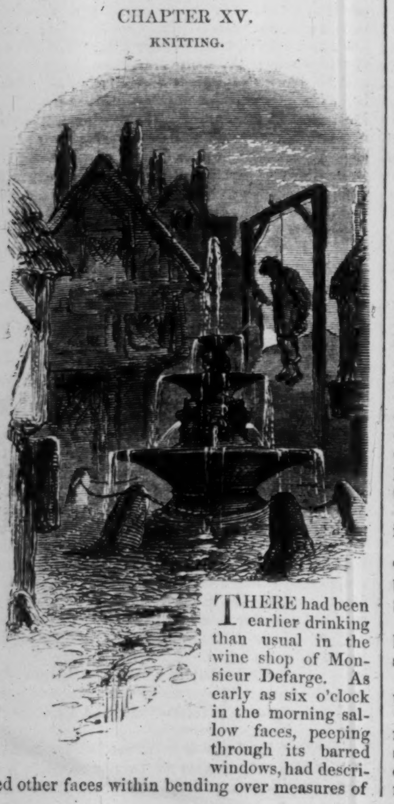
### BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

### CHAPTER XV.

KNITTING.



THERE had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning sallow faces, peeping through its barred windows, had descried other faces within bending over measures of wine. Monsieur Defarge sold a very thin wine at the best of times; but it would seem to have been an unusually thin wine that he sold at this time. A sour wine, moreover, or a souring, for its influence on the mood of those who drank it was to make them gloomy. No vivacious Bacchanalian flame leaped out of the pressed grape of Monsieur Defarge; but a smouldering fire that burned in the dark, lay hidden in the dregs of it.

This had been the third morning in succession on which there had been early drinking at the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. It had begun on Monday, and here was Wednesday come. There had been more of early brooding than drinking; for many men had listened and whispered and slunk about there from the time of the opening of the door who could not have laid a piece of money on the counter to save their souls. These were to the full as interested in the place, however, as if they could have commanded whole barrels of wine; and they glided from seat to seat, and from corner to corner, swallowing talk in lieu of drink with greedy looks.

Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company the master of the wine-shop was not visible. He was not missed; for nobody who crossed the threshold looked for him, nobody asked for him, nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in her seat, presiding over the distribution of wine, with a bowl of battered small coins before her, as much defaced and beaten out of their original impress as the small coinage of humanity from whose ragged pockets they had come.

A suspended interest, and a prevalent absence of mind, were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine-shop, as they looked in at every place, high and low, from the king's palace to the criminal's jail. Games at cards languished, players at dominoes musingly built towers with them, drinkers drew figures on the tables with spilled drops of wine, Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothpick, and saw and heard something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

Thus, Saint Antoine in this vinous feature of his, until mid-day. It was high noontide when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his swinging lamps—of whom one was Monsieur Defarge, the other a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst the two entered the wine-shop. Their arrival had lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, fast spreading as they came along, which stirred and flickered in flames of faces at most doors and windows. Yet no one had followed them, and no man spoke when they entered the wine-shop, though the eyes of every man there were turned upon them.

"Good-day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge.

It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of "Good-day!"

"It is bad weather, gentlemen," said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which every man looked at his neighbor, and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge, aloud, addressing Madame Defarge; "I have traveled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him—by accident—a day and a half's journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this mender of roads called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company and drank. In the breast of his blouse he carried some coarse, dark bread; he ate of this between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge's counter. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine—but he took less than was given to the stranger, as being himself a man to whom it was no rarity—and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast. He looked at no one present, and no one now looked at him, not even Madame Defarge, who had taken up her knitting and was at work.

"Have you finished your repast, friend?" he asked, in due season.

"Yes, thank you."

"Come then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy. It will suit you to a marvel."

Out of the wine-shop into the street, out of the street into a court-yard, out of the court-yard up a steep staircase, out of the staircase into a garret—formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

No white-haired man was there now, but the three men were there who had gone out of the wine-shop singly. And between them and the white-haired man afar off was the one small link that they had once looked in at him through the chinks in the wall.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice:

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five!"

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy forehead with it, and said, "Where shall I commence, monsieur?"

"Commence," was Monsieur Defarge's not unreasonable reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him then, messieurs," began the mender of roads, "a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain—like this."

"HE DESCRIBED IT AS IF HE WERE THERE—"

Again the mender of roads went through the old performance, in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the infallible resource and indispensable entertainment of his village during a whole year.

Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the mender of roads, recovering his perpendicular.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterward recognized him then?

"By his tall figure," said the mender of roads, softly, and with his finger at his nose. "When Monsieur the Marquis demands, that evening, 'Say, what is he like?' I make response, 'Tall as a spectre.'"

"You should have said short as a dwarf," returned Jacques Two.

"But what did I know! The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under those circumstances even I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis indicates me with his finger, standing near our fountain, and says, 'To me! Bring that rascal!' My faith, messieurs, I offer nothing."

"He is right there, Jacques," murmured Defarge to him who had interrupted. "Go on!"

"Good!" said the mender of roads, with an air of mystery. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unluckily found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hill-side, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below, where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes and see, coming over the hill, six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound—tied to his sides, like this."

With the aid of his indispensable cap he represented a man with his elbows bound fast at his hips with cords that were knotted behind him.

"I stand aside, messieurs, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass (for it is a solitary road that, where any spectacle is well worth looking at), and at first, as they approach, I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a tall man bound, and that they are almost black to my sight—except on the side of the sun going to bed, where they have a red edge, messieurs. Also, I see that their long shadows are on the hollow ridge on the opposite side of the road, and are on the hill above it, and are like the shadows of giants. Also, I see that they are covered with dust, and that the dust moves with them as they come, tramp, tramp! But when they advance quite near to me, I recognize the tall man, and he recognizes me. Ah, but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hill-side once again, as on the evening when he and I first encountered, close to the same spot!"

He described it as if he were there, and it was evident that he saw it vividly; perhaps he had not seen much in his life.

"I do not show the soldiers that I recognize the tall man; he does not show the soldiers that he recognizes me; we do it, and we know it, with our eyes. 'Come on!' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, 'bring him fast to his tomb!' and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are swelled because of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and consequently slow, they drive him with their guns—like this!"

He imitated the action of a man's being impelled forward by the butt-ends of muskets.

"As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They laugh, and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust, but he can not touch it; thereupon they laugh again. They bring him into the village; all the village runs to look; they take him past the mill, and up to the prison; all the village sees the prison-gate open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him—like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth. Observant of his unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again, Defarge said, "Go on, Jacques."

"All the village," pursued the mender of roads, on tiptoe, and in a low voice, "withdraws; all the village whispers by the fountain; all the village sleeps; all the village dreams of that unhappy one within the locks and bars of the prison on the crag, and never to come out of it, except to perish. In the morning, with my tools upon my shoulder, eating my morsel of black bread as I go, I make a circuit by the prison on my way to my work. There I see him, high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage, bloody and dusty as last night, looking through. He has no hand free to wave to me; I dare not call to him; he regards me like a dead man."

Defarge and the three glanced darkly at one another. The looks of all of them were dark, repressed, and revengeful, as they listened to the countryman's story; the manner of all of them, while it was secret was authoritative too. They had the air of a rough tribunal; Jacques One and Two, sitting on the old pallet-bed, each with his chin resting on his hand, and his eyes intent on the road-mender; Jacques Three, equally intent, on one knee behind them, with his agitated hand always gliding over the network of fine nerves about his mouth and nose; Defarge standing between them and the narrator, whom he had stationed in the light of the window, by turns looking from him to them, and from them to him.

"Go on, Jacques," said Defarge.

"He remains up there in his iron cage some days. The village looks at him by stealth, for it is afraid. But it always looks up, from a distance, at the prison on the crag; and in the evening, when the work of the day is achieved and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned toward the prison. Formerly they were turned toward the posting-house; now they are turned toward the prison. They whisper at the fountain that, although condemned to death, he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the King himself. What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

"Listen then, Jacques," Number One of that name sternly interposed. "Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here, yourself excepted, saw the King take it, in his carriage in the street, sitting beside the Queen. It is Defarge whom you see here, who, at the hazard of his life, darted out before the horses, with the petition in his hand."

"And once again listen, Jacques!" said the kneeling Number Three: his fingers ever wandering over and over those fine nerves, with a strikingly greedy air, as if he hungered for something—that was neither food nor drink; "the guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You hear?"

"I hear, messieurs."

"Go on, then," said Defarge.

"Again; on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain," resumed the countryman, "that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because he has slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants—serfs—what you will—he will be executed as a parricide. One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burned off before his face; that, into wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur; finally, that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says, all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the last King, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I am not a scholar."

"Listen once again then, Jacques!" said the man with the restless hand and the craving air. "The name of that prisoner was Damiens, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris; and nothing was more noticed in the vast concourse that saw it done, than the crowd of ladies of quality and fashion, who were full of eager attention to the last—to the last, Jacques, prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and still breathed! And it was done—why, how old are you?"

"Thirty-five," said the mender of roads, who looked sixty.

"It was done when you were more than ten years old; you might have seen it."

"Enough!" said Defarge, with grim impatience. "Long live the Devil! Go on."

"Well! Some whisper this, some whisper that; they speak of nothing else; even the fountain appears to fall to that tune. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing; in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water."

The mender of roads looked *through* rather than *at* the low ceiling, and pointed as if he saw the gallows somewhere in the sky.

"All work is stopped, all assemble there, nobody leads the cows out, the cows are there with the rest. At mid-day the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag—tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed." He suggested it, by creasing his face with his two thumbs, from the corners of his mouth to his ears. "On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upward, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the perspiration had started afresh while he recalled the spectacle.

"It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening under that shadow? Under it, have I said? When I left the village, Monday evening as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison—seemed to strike across the earth, messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it!"

The hungry man gnawed one of his fingers as he looked at the other three, and his finger quivered with the craving that was on him.

"That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and I walked on, that night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this comrade. With him I came on, now riding and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me!"

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said, "Good! You have acted and recounted faithfully. Will you wait for us a little outside the door?"

"Very willingly," said the mender of roads. Whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated there, returned.

The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the garret.

"How say you, Jacques?" demanded Number One. "To be registered?"

"To be registered, as doomed to destruction," returned Defarge.

"Magnificent!" croaked the man with the craving.

"The chateau and all the race?" inquired the first.

"The chateau and all the race," returned Defarge. "Extermination."

The hungry man repeated in a rapturous croak, "Magnificent!" and began gnawing another finger.

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register? Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives to erase himself from existence than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

There was a murmur of confidence and approval, and then the man who hungered asked: "Is this rustic to be sent back soon? I hope so. He is very simple; is he not a little dangerous?"

"He knows nothing," said Defarge; "at least nothing more than would easily elevate himself to a gallows of the same height. I charge myself with him; let him remain with me; I will take care of him, and set him on his road. He wishes to see the fine world—the King, the Queen, and Court; let him see them on Sunday."

"What!" exclaimed the hungry man, staring. "Is it a good sign that he wishes to see Royalty and Nobility?"

"My friend," said Defarge, "judiciously show a cat milk if you wish her to thirst for it. Judiciously show a dog his natural prey if you wish him to bring it down one day."

Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads, being found already dozing on the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest. He needed no persuasion to comply, and was soon asleep.

Worse quarters than Defarge's wine-shop could easily have been found in Paris for a provincial slave of that degree. Saving for a mysterious dread of madame by which he was constantly haunted, his life was very new and agreeable. But madame sat all day at her counter, so expressly unconscious of him, and so particularly determined not to perceive that his being there had any connection with any thing below the surface that he trembled in his wooden shoes whenever his eye lighted on her. For he contended with himself that it was impossible to foresee what that lady might pretend next; and he felt assured that if she should take it into her brightly ornamented head to pretend that she had seen him do a murder and afterward flay the victim, she would infallibly go through with it until the play was played out.

Therefore, when Sunday came, the mender of roads was not enchanted (though he said he was) to find that madame was to accompany monsieur and himself to Versailles. It was additionally disconcerting to have madame knitting all the way there, in a public conveyance; it was additionally disconcerting yet, to have madame in the crowd in the afternoon, still with her knitting in her hands as the crowd waited to see the carriage of the King and Queen.

"You work hard, madame," said a man near her.

"Yes," answered Madame Defarge; "I have a good deal to do."

"What do you make, madame?"

"Many things."

"For instance—"

"For instance," returned Madame Defarge, composedly, "shrouds."

The man moved a little further away, as soon as he could, and the mender of roads fanned himself with his blue cap: feeling it mightily close and oppressive. If it needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was fortunate; for soon the large-faced King and the fair-faced Queen came in their golden coach, attended by the shining Bull's Eye of their Court, a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords; and in jewels and silks and powder and splendor and elegantly spurning figures and handsomely disdainful faces of both sexes, the mender of roads bathed himself, so much to his temporary intoxication, that he cried Long live the King, Long live the Queen, Long live every body and every thing! as if he had never heard of ubiquitous Jacques in his time. Then there were gardens, court-yards, terraces, fountains, green banks, more King and Queen, more Bull's Eye, more lords and ladies, more Long live they all! until he absolutely wept. During the whole of this scene, which lasted some three hours, he had plenty of shouting and weeping company, and throughout Defarge held him by the collar, as if to restrain him from flying at the objects of his brief devotion and tearing them to pieces.

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back when it was over, like a patron; "you are a good boy!"

The mender of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no.

"You are the fellow we want," said Defarge, in his ear; "you make these fools believe that it will last forever. Then they are the more insolent, and it is the nearer ended."

"Hey!" cried the mender of roads, reflectively; "that's true."

"These fools know nothing. While they despise your breath, and would stop it forever and ever, in you or in a hundred like you rather than in one of their own horses or dogs, they only know what your breath tells them. Let it deceive them, then, a little longer; it can not deceive them too much for me."

Madame Defarge looked superciliously at the client, and nodded in confirmation.

"As to you," said she, "you would shout and shed tears for any thing, if it made a show and a noise. Say! Would you not?"

"Truly, madame, I think so. For the moment."

"If you were shown a great heap of dolls, and were set upon them to pluck them to pieces and despoil them for your own advantage, you would pick out the richest and gayest. Say! Would you not?"

"Truly yes, madame."

"Yes. And if you were shown a flock of birds unable to fly, and were set upon them to strip them of their feathers for your own advantage, you would set upon the birds of the finest feathers; would you not?"

"Undoubtedly, madame."

"You have seen both dolls and birds to-day," said Madame Defarge, with a wave of her hand toward the place where they had last been apparent; "now, go home!"

# A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE seneschal led Gerard through several passages to the door of a pavilion, where some young noblemen, embroidered and feathered, sat sentinel, guarding the heir-apparent, and playing cards by the red light of torches their servants held. A whisper from the seneschal, and one of them rose reluctantly, stared at Gerard with haughty surprise, and entered the pavilion. He presently returned, and, beckoning the pair, led them through a passage or two and landed them in an antechamber, where sat three more young gentlemen, feathered, furred, and embroidered like pieces of fancy work, and deep in that instructive and edifying branch of learning, dice.

"You can't see the Princess—it is too late," said one.

Another followed suit:

"She passed this way but now with her nurse. She is gone to bed, doll and all—deuce-ace again!"

Gerard prepared to retire. The seneschal, with an incredulous smile, replied:

"The young man is here by the Countess's orders; be so good as conduct him to her ladies."

On this a superb Adonis rose, with an injured look, and led Gerard into a room where sat or lolloped eleven ladies, chattering like magpies. Two, more industrious than the rest, were playing cat's-cradle with fingers as nimble as their tongues. At the sight of a stranger all the tongues stopped like one piece of complicated machinery, and all the eyes turned on Gerard, as if the same string that checked the tongues had turned the eyes on. Gerard was ill at ease before, but this battery of eyes discountenanced him, and down went *his* eyes on the ground. Then the cowards finding, like the hare who ran by the pond and the frogs scuttled into the water, that there was a creature they could frighten, giggled and enjoyed their prowess. Then a duenna said, severely, "Mesdames!" and they were abashed as one woman. This same duenna took Gerard, and marched before him in solemn silence. The young man's heart sank, and he had half a mind to turn and run out of the place. "What must princes be," he thought, "when their courtiers are so freezing! Of course they take their breeding from him they serve." These reflections were interrupted by the duenna suddenly introducing him into a room where three ladies sat working, and a pretty little girl tuning a lute. The ladies were richly but not showily dressed, and the duenna went up to the one who was hemming a kerchief, and said a few words in a low tone. This lady then turned toward Gerard, with a smile, and beckoned him to come near her. She did not rise, but she laid aside her work, and her manner of turning toward him, slight as the movement was, was full of grace and ease and courtesy. She began a conversation at once.

"Margaret Van Eyck is an old friend of mine, Sir, and I am right glad to have a letter from her hand, and thankful to you, Sir, for bringing it to me safely."

"Marie, my love, this is the young gentleman who brought you that pretty miniature."

"Sir, I thank you a thousand times," said the young lady.

"I am glad you feel obliged to him, sweet-heart, for our friend wishes us to do him a little service in return."

"I will do any thing on earth for him," replied the young lady, with ardor.

"Any thing on earth is nothing in the world," said the Countess of Charolois, quietly.

"Well, then, I will— What would you have me to do, Sir?"

Gerard had just found out what high society he was in. "My sovereign demoiselle," said he, gently and a little tremulously, "where there have been no pains there needs no reward."

"But we must obey mamma. All the world must obey mamma."

"That is true. Then, our demoiselle, reward me, if you will, by letting me hear the stave you were going to sing and I interrupted it."

"What, you love music, Sir?"

"I adore it."

The little Princess looked inquiringly at her mother, and received a smile of assent. She then took her lute and sang a romaunt of the day. Although not twelve years old, she was a well-taught and pains-taking musician. Her little claw swept the chords with courage and precision, and struck out the notes of the arpeggio clear and distinct, and bright like twinkling stars; but the main charm was her voice. It was not mighty, but it was round, clear, full, and ringing like a bell. She sang with a certain modest eloquence, though she knew none of the tricks of feeling. She was too young to be theatrical, or even sentimental. No thing was forced—all gushed. Her little mouth seemed the mouth of Nature. The ditty, too, was as pure as its utterance. As there were none of those false divisions—those whining slurs, which are now sold so dear by Italian songsters, though every jackal in India delivers them gratis to his customers all night, and sometimes gets shot for them, and always deserves it—so there were no cadences and fioriturі; the trite, turgid, and feeble expletives of song, the skim-milk with which mindless musicians and mindless writers quench fire, wash out color, and drown melody and meaning dead.

While the pure and tender strain was flowing from the pure young throat, Gerard's eyes filled with tears. The Countess watched him with interest, for it was usual to applaud the Princess loudly, but not with cheek and eye. So when the voice ceased, and the glasses left off ringing, she asked, demurely, "Was he satisfied?"

Gerard gave a little start; the spoken voice broke a charm, and brought him back to earth.

"Oh, madam!" he cried, "surely it is thus that cherubs and seraphs sing and charm the saints in heaven."

"I am somewhat of your opinion, my young friend," said the Countess, with emotion; and she bent a look of love and gentle pride upon her girl: a heavenly look, such as, they say, is given to the eye of the short-lived resting on the short-lived.

The Countess resumed:

"My old friend requests me to be serviceable to you. It is the first favor she has done us the honor of asking us, and the request is sacred. You are in holy orders, Sir?"

Gerard bowed.

"I fear you are not a priest, you look too young."

"Oh no, madam! I am not even a sub-deacon. I am only a lector; but next month I shall be an exorcist; and before long an acolyth."

"Well, Monsieur Gerard, with your accomplishments you can soon pass through the inferior orders. And let me beg you to do so. For the day after you have said your first mass I shall have the pleasure of appointing you to a benefice."

"Oh, madam!"

"And Marie, remember I make this promise in your name as well as my own."

"Fear not, mamma; I will not forget. But if he will take my advice, what he will be is Bishop of Liège. The Bishop of Liège is a beautiful bishop. What! don't you remember him mamma, that day we were at Liège? he was braver than grandpapa himself. He had on a crown—a high one, and it was cut in the middle, and it was full of oh! such beautiful jewels; and his gown stiff with gold; and his mantle, too; and it had a broad border, all pictures; but, above all, his gloves; you have no such gloves, mamma. They were embroidered and covered with jewels, and scented with such lovely scent; I smelled them all the time he was giving me his blessing on my head with them. Dear old man! I dare say he will die soon—most old people do—and then, Sir, you can be bishop, you know, and wear—"

"Gently, Marie, gently; bishoprics are for old gentlemen; and this is a young gentleman."

"Mamma! he is not so very young."

"Not compared with you, Marie, eh?"

"He is a good bigness, dear mamma; and I am sure he is *good* enough for a bishop."

"Alas, mademoiselle! you are mistaken."

"I don't know that, Monsieur Gerard; but I am a little puzzled to know on what grounds mademoiselle there pronounced your character so boldly."

"Alas, mamma!" said the Princess, "you have not looked at his face, then;" and she raised her eyebrows at her mother's simplicity.

"I beg your pardon," said the Countess, "I have. Well, Sir, if I can not go quite so fast as my daughter, attribute it to my age—not to a want of interest in your welfare. A benefice will do to begin your career with; and I must take care it is not too far from—what call you the place?"

"Tergou, madam."

"A priest gives up much," continued the Countess; "often, I fear, he learns too late how much:" and her woman's eye rested a moment on Gerard with mild pity and half surprise at his resigning her sex, and all the heaven they can bestow, and the great parental joys: "at least you shall be near your friends. Have you a mother?"

"Yes, madam; thanks be to God!"

"Good! You shall have a church near Tergou. She will thank me. And now, Sir, we must not detain you too long from those who have a better claim on your society than we have. Duchess, oblige me by bidding one of the pages conduct him to the hall of banquet; the way is hard to find."

Gerard bowed low to the Countess and the Princess, and backed toward the door.

"I hope it will be a nice benefice," said the Princess to him, with a pretty smile, as he was going out; then, shaking her head with an air of solemn misgiving, "but you had better have been Bishop of Liège."

Gerard followed his new conductor, his heart warm with gratitude; but ere he reached the banquet-hall a chill came over him. The mind of one who has led a quiet, uneventful life is not apt to take in contradictory feelings at the same moment and balance them, but rather to be overpowered by each in turn. While Gerard was with the Countess, the excitement of so new a situation, the unlooked-for promise, the joy and pride it would cause at home, possessed him wholly: but now it was passion's turn to be heard again. What! give up Margaret, whose soft hand he still felt in his, and her deep eyes in his heart? resign her and all the world of love and joy she had opened on him to-day? The revulsion, when it did come, was so strong that he hastily resolved to say nothing at home about the offered benefice. The Countess is so good, thought he, she has a hundred ways of aiding a young man's fortune: she will not compel me to be a priest when she shall learn I love one of her sex: one would almost think she does know it, for she cast a strange look on me, and said, "A priest gives up much, too much." I dare say she will give me a place about the palace. And with this hopeful reflection his mind was eased, and, being now at the entrance of the banqueting-hall, he thanked his conductor, and ran hastily with joyful eyes to Margaret. He came in sight of the table—she was gone. Peter was gone too. Nobody was at the table at all; only a citizen in sober garments had just tumbled under it dead drunk, and several persons were raising him to carry him away. Gerard never guessed how important this solemn drunkard was to him: he was looking for "Beauty," and let "the Beast" lie. He ran wildly round the hall, which was now comparatively empty. She was not there. He left the palace: outside he found a crowd gaping at two great fanlights just lighted over the gate. He asked them earnestly if they had seen an old man in a gown and a lovely girl pass out. They laughed at the question. "They were staring at these new lights that turn night into day. They didn't trouble their heads about old men and young wenches, everyday sights." From another group he learned there was a mystery being played under canvas hard by, and all the world gone to see it. This revived his hopes, and he went and saw the mystery. In this representation divine personages, too sacred for me to name here, came clumsily down from heaven to talk sophistry with the cardinal virtues, the nine muses, and the seven deadly sins, all present in human shape, and not unlike one another. To enliven which weary stuff in rattled the prince of the power of the air, and an imp that kept molesting him and buffeting him with a bladder, at each thwack of which the crowd were in ecstasies. When the vices had uttered good store of obscenity, and the virtues twaddle, the celestials, including the nine muses, went gingerly back to heaven one by one; for there was but one cloud; and two artisans worked it up with its supernatural freight, and worked it down with a winch, in full sight of the audience. These disposed of, the bottomless pit opened and flamed in the centre of the stage: the carpenters and virtues shoved the vices in, and the virtues and Beelzebub and his tormentor danced merrily round the place of eternal torture to the fife and tabor.

This entertainment was writ by the Bishop of Ghent for the diffusion of religious sentiment by the aid of the senses, and was an average specimen of theatrical exhibitions so long as they were in the hands of the clergy. But, alas! in course of time the laity conducted plays, and so the theatre, my reverend friends informed me, has become profane.

Margaret was nowhere in the crowd, and Gerard could not enjoy the performance: he actually went away in Act II., in the midst of a much-admired piece of dialogue, in which Justice outquibbled Satan. He walked through many streets, but could not find her he sought. At last, fairly worn out, he went to a hostelry and slept till daybreak. All that day, heavy and heart-sick, he sought her, but never could fall in with her or her father, nor ever obtain the slightest clew. Then he felt she was false, or had changed her mind. He was irritated now, as well as sad. More good fortune fell on him; he almost hated it. At last, on the third day, after he had once more been through every street, he said "She is not in the town, and I shall never see her again. I will go home." He started for Tergou with royal favor promised, with fifteen golden angels in his purse, a golden medal on his bosom, and a heart like a lump of lead.

## CHAPTER V.

It was near four o'clock in the afternoon. Gerard was in the shop. His eldest and youngest sons were abroad. Catherine and her little crippled daughter had long been anxious about Gerard, and now they were gone a little way down the road, to see if by good luck he might be visible in the distance; and Giles was alone in the sitting-room, which I will sketch, furniture and dwarf included.

The Hollanders were always an original and leading people. At different epochs they invented printing (wooden type), oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, etc.; above all, years before my tale, they invented cleanliness. So, while the English gentry, in velvet jerkins and chicken-toed shoes, trode floors of stale rushes, foul receptacles of bones, decomposing morsels, spittle, dogs' eggs, and all abominations, this hosier's sitting-room at Tergou was floored with Dutch tiles, so highly glazed and constantly washed that you could eat off them. There was one large window; the cross stone-work in the centre of it was very massive, and stood in relief, looking like an actual cross to the inmates, and was eyed as such in their devotions. The panes were very small and lozenge-shaped, and soldered to one another with strips of lead: the like you may see to this day in some of our rural cottages. The chairs were rude and primitive, all but the arm-chair, whose back, at right angles with its seat, was so high that the sitter's head stopped two feet short of the top. This chair was of oak and carved at the summit. There was a copper pail, that went in at the waist, holding holy water; and a little hand-besom to sprinkle it far and wide; and a long, narrow, but massive oak table, with a dwarf sticking to the rim by his teeth, his eyes glaring, and his claws in the air like a pouncing vampire. Nature, it would seem, did not make Giles a dwarf out of malice prepense: she constructed a head and torso with her usual care, but just then her attention was distracted, and she left the rest to chance; the result was a human wedge, an inverted cone. He might with justice have taken her to task in the terms of Horace:

amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?

His centre was any thing but his centre of gravity. Bisected, upper Giles would have outweighed three lower Giles's. But this very disproportion enabled him to do feats that would have baffled Milo. His brawny arms had no weight to draw after them; so he could go up a vertical pole like a squirrel, and hang for hours from a bough by one hand like a cherry by its stalk. If he could have made a vacuum with his hands, as the lizard is said to do with its feet, he would have gone along a ceiling. Now, this pocket athlete was insanely fond of griping the dinner-table with both hands, and so swinging an hour at a time; and then—climax of delight!—he would seize it with his teeth, and, taking off his hands, hold on like grim death by his huge ivories.

But all our joys, however elevating, suffer interruption. Little Kate caught Sampsonet in this posture, and stood aghast. She was her mother's daughter, and her heart beat with the furniture, not with the 12mo gymnast.

"Oh, Giles! how can you? Mother would be vexed. It dents the table."

"Go and tell her, little tale-bearer," snarled Giles. "You are the one for making mischief."

"Am I?" inquired Kate, calmly; "that is news to me."

"The biggest in Tergou," growled Giles, fastening on again.

At this Kate sat quietly down and cried. Her mother came in almost at that moment, and Giles hurled himself under the table, and there glared.

"What is to do now?" said the dame, sharply. Then turning her experienced eyes on Giles, and observing the position he had taken up, and a sheepish expression, she hinted at cuffing of ears.

"Nay, mother," said the girl; "it was but a foolish word Giles spoke. I had not noticed it at another time; but I was tired and in care for Gerard, you know."

"Let no one be in care for me," said a faint voice at the door, and in tottered Gerard, pale, dusty, and worn out; and, amidst uplifted hands and cries of delight, curiosity, and anxiety, mingled, dropped almost fainting into the nearest chair.

Beating Rotterdam like a covert, for Margaret, and the long journey afterward, had fairly knocked Gerard up. But elastic youth soon revived, and behold him the centre of an eager circle. First of all they must hear about the prizes. Then Gerard told them he had been admitted to see the competitors' works all laid out in an enormous hall—before the judges pronounced: "Oh, mother! oh, Kate! when I saw the goldsmiths' work, I had like to have fallen on the floor. I thought not all the goldsmiths on earth had so much gold, silver, jewels, and craft of design and facture. But, in sooth, all the arts are divine."

Then, to please the females, he described to them the reliquaries, feretories, calices, crosiers, crosses, pyxes, monstrances, and other wonders ecclesiastical, and the goblets, hanaps, watches, clocks, chains, brooches, etc., so that their mouths watered.

"But, Kate, when I came to the illuminated work from Ghent and Bruges, my heart sank. Mine was dirt by the side of it. For the first minute I could almost have cried; but I prayed for a better spirit, and presently I was able to enjoy them, and thank God for those lovely works, and for those skillful, patient craftsmen, that I own my masters. Well, the colored work was so beautiful I forgot all about the black and white. But, next day, when all the other prizes had been given, they came to the writing, and whose name think you was called first?"

"Yours," said Kate.

The others laughed her to scorn.

"You may laugh," said Gerard, "but for all that Gerard Gerardzoon of Tergou was the name the herald shouted. I stood stupid; they thrust me forward. Every thing swam before my eyes. I don't know how I found myself kneeling on a cushion at the feet of the Duke. He said something to me, but I was so fluttered I could not answer him. So then he put his hand to his side and did not draw a glaive and cut off my dull head, but gave me a gold medal, and there it is." There was a yell and almost a scramble. "And then he gave me fifteen great bright golden angels. I had seen one before, but I never handled one. Here they are."

"Oh, Gerard! oh, Gerard!"

"There is one for you, our eldest; and one for you, Sybrandt; and for you, Little Mischief; and two for you, Little Lily, because God has afflicted you; and one for myself to buy colors and vellum; and nine for her that nursed us all, and risked the two crowns upon Gerard's hand."

The gold drew out their several characters. Cornelis and Sybrandt clutched each his coin with one glare of greediness and another glare of envy at Kate, who had got two pieces. Giles seized his and rolled it along the floor and gamboled after it. But Kate put down her crutches and sat down, and held out her little arms to Gerard with a heavenly gesture of love and tenderness, and the mother, fairly benumbed at first by the shower of gold that fell on her apron, now cried out, "Leave kissing him, Kate, he is my son, not yours. Ah, Gerard, my child! I have not loved you as you deserved."

Then Gerard threw himself on his knees beside her, and she flung her arms round him and wept for joy and pride upon his neck.

"Good lad! good lad!" cried the hosier, with some emotion. "I must go and tell the neighbors. Lend me the medal, Gerard, I'll show it to my good friend Peter Buyskens; he is always regaling me with how his son Jorian won the tin mug a-shooting at the Butts."

"Ay, do my man; and show Peter Buyskens one of the angels. Tell him there are fourteen more, where that came from. Mind you bring it me back!"

"Stay a minute, father, there is better news behind," said Gerard, flushing with joy at the joy he caused.

"Better! Better than this?"

Then Gerard told his interview with the Countess, and the house rang with joy.

"Now, God bless the good lady, and bless the Dame Van Eyck! a benefice, our son! My cares are at an end. Gerard, my good friend and master, now we two can die happy whenever our time comes. This dear boy will take our place, and none of these loved ones will want a home or a friend."

From that hour Gerard was looked upon as the stay of the family. He was a son apart, but in another sense. He was always in the right, and nothing too good for him. Cornelis and Sybrandt became more and more jealous of him, and longed for the day he should go to his benefice: they would get rid of the favorite, and his reverence's purse would be open to them. With these views he co-operated. The wound love had given him throbbed duller and duller. His success, and the affection and admiration of his parents, made him think more highly of himself, and resent with more spirit Margaret's ingratitude and discourtesy. For all that, she had power to cool him toward the rest of her sex, and now for every reason he wished to be ordained priest as soon as he could pass the intermediate orders. He knew the Vulgate already better than most of the clergy, and he studied the rubric and the dogmas of the Church with his friends the monks; and the first time the bishop came that way, he applied to be admitted "exorcist," the third step in holy orders. The bishop questioned him, and ordained him at once. He had to kneel, and, after a short prayer, the bishop delivered to him a little MS. full of exorcisms, and said: "Take this, Gerard, and have power to lay hands on the possessed, whether baptized or catechumens!" and he took it reverently, and went home invested by the Church with power to cast out demons.

Returning home from the church he was met by little Kate on her crutches.

"Oh, Gerard! who, think you, has been at our house seeking you?—the Burgomaster himself!"

Gerard started, and changed color.

"Ghysbrecht Van Swieten! What would he with me?"

"Nay, Gerard, I know not. But he was urgent to see you. You are to go to his house on the instant."

"Well, he is the Burgomaster: I must go: but it likes me not. Kate, I have seen him cast such a look on me as no friend casts. No matter; such looks forewarn the wise. Besides, he knows—"

"Knows what, Gerard?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Kate, I'll go."

And he went to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten's house.

## CHAPTER VI.

GHYSBRECHT VAN SWIETEN was an artful man. He opened on the novice with something quite wide of the mark he was really aiming at. "The town records," said he, "are crabbedly written, and the ink rusty with age." He offered Gerard the honor of transcribing them fair.

Gerard inquired what he was to be paid.

Ghysbrecht offered a sum that would have just purchased the pens, ink, and parchment.

"But, Burgomaster, my labor? Here is a year's work."

"Your labor! Call you marking parchment labor? Little sweat goes to that, I trow."

"'Tis labor, and skilled labor to boot; and that is better paid in all crafts than rude labor, sweat or no sweat. Besides, there's my time."

"Your time? Why what is time to you, at two-and-twenty?" Then fixing his eyes keenly on Gerard, to mark the effect of his words, he said: "Say, rather, you are idle grown. You are in love. Your body is with those chanting monks, but your heart is with Peter Brandt and his red-haired girl."

"I know no Peter Brandt."

This denial confirmed Ghysbrecht's suspicion that the caster out of demons was playing a deep game.

"Ye lie!" he shouted. "Did I not find you at her elbow, on the road to Rotterdam?"

"Ah!"

"Ah. And you were seen at Sevenbergen but t'other day."

"Was I?"

"Ay; and at Peter's house."

"At Sevenbergen?"

"Ay, at Sevenbergen."

Now, this was what in modern days is called a draw. It was a guess, put boldly forth as fact, to elicit by the young man's answer whether he had been there lately or not.

The result of the artifice surprised the crafty one. Gerard started up in a strange state of nervous excitement.

"Burgomaster," said he, with trembling voice. "I have not been at Sevenbergen this three years, and I know not the name of those you saw me with, nor where they dwelt; but, as my time is precious, though you value it not, give you good day." And he darted out, with his eyes sparkling.

Ghysbrecht started up in huge ire; but he sank into his chair again.

"He fears me not. He knows something, if not all."

Then he called hastily to his trusty servant, and almost dragged him to a window.

"See you yon man?" he cried. "Haste! Follow him! But let him not see you. He is young, but old in craft! Keep him in sight all day. Let me know whither he goes, and what he does."

It was night when the servant returned.

"Well! well!" cried Van Swieten, eagerly.

"Master, the young man went from you to Sevenbergen."

Ghysbrecht groaned.

"To the house of Peter the Magician."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A KENTUCKY correspondent tells a very good story of a darkey boy. He says:

"Some years ago there lived in this place an old darkey who was familiarly known as Phil, and who was very fond of seeing sights.

"It so happened that a man was to be executed in our town, and Phil had determined to go and see it. On the aforesaid day Phil walked into the store where he was employed, and meeting one of the clerks, thus addressed him:

"'Mass' Mac, I would like to go to dat hangin', if you please.'

"'Hanging!' says Mac. 'Why, the man has been dead for this hour and more.'

"'Humph! my Lor'!' says Phil. 'See here, Mass' Mac: I 'lowed to go to dat hangin' to-day, mun; but dat's jiss allers de way. Wheneber I lays off to enjoy myself, some'in's *sure* to happen to prevent it!'"

The following is a *verbatim* copy of a letter received by Captain Johnson, who, in time of peace, is a knight of the needle and shears:

"DEAR CAPTAIN.—I send you 4 yards of drab and 8 of flannel to make me a winter drudge coat and a small cloak, I send you the surtout you made me, to cut it by, let it be 4 inches shorter than the blue one is, sleeves ½ inch shorter, make the cloak seperate from the surtout as I wear it often by itself, let it be 14 inches long at the lower or longest point, I have, I believe your up to cutting cloaks, let it be cut by the square and it will be sure to be right, make the collar as you do a big coat collar 2 or 3 rows of stitching lengthwise, one side pocket, no pocket behind, you can apply to Mr. Jones for sleeve lining and thread as I send you none, you can let one of the boys slip on the surtout and take the measure while Mr. Broyles is there, and send me the day on a bit of paper when I can send for them, you can apply to Mr V Sevier for your money Your charge I hope will be as moderate as you can, be sure to give room at the arm on the shoulder, the blue fits me well and is easy. Dear Capt. I remain your friende all well and well wisher, to be lined throughout coat & cloak WM BROWN

"TO CAPT MALONEY,
Greeneville Tenn"

*Scene*—A well shaded street in a town. *Time*—Morning in early summer; little birds chirping and twittering among the leaves and branches of the trees.

Enter a group of boys, armed with bows and arrows, keenly intent upon shooting the little birds. Benevolent middle-aged lady watches them from a window.

After a time:

LADY. "Boys! boys! Go away. Don't shoot the little birds! I'll send for the police and have you arrested. The birds don't hurt you. What are you shooting them for? Go away and let 'em alone!"

SHARP BOY (who has suspended operations and listened). "Well now, madam, what's the use o' your blowin'? We can't hit 'em!"

"And so you're going out to the East Hingies, my darlint, Mrs. Maroney?" said an old Irish crone to the young wife of a soldier about to embark for Madras. "I've been in them parts myself, and well do I remember the torments I went through night and day with the muskcatoes. They have long suckers hanging down from their heads, and they'll draw the life-blood out of ye before you can say 'peas.'"

This terrifying account lived in the memory of the young woman; the vessel made Madras roads, the decks were soon crowded, all hands delighted at sight of land, Mrs. Marooney among the rest, but *her* joy was of short duration, for on the shore she perceived an elephant: horror-struck at the sight, and in breathless agitation, she approached the mate, exclaiming, with uplifted hands, "Holy Mother! is that a muskcato?"

HEIGHT OF GALLANTRY.—At a Fancy Fair a sailor was strolling past a stall presided over by a lovely woman. Jack stopped, looked for a moment in breathless admiration, then took a sovereign from his pocket, laid it on the table, and was passing on. "My good friend," said the lady, "won't you take something for your money?" "I thank you, madam," replied the tar, with another look, "I've had more than my money's worth already."

HINT FOR ANGLERS.—"Have you any fish in your basket?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good eel," was the reply.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"Sing to me, lady fair,
Search through your brain and discover
Melodies finished and rare;
Sing of the feudal ages,
Or sing of the troubadour times,
When princesses were wooed by pages
And won by the power of rhymes."

"Here we have no princesses,"
Faltered the lady fair,
"And rhyme but too seldom blesses
The ninnies who make it their care;
But men of the humblest mothers
May win the most lofty dames,
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